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Forty-Rod GUN

He touched Adam Vondersmith on the shoulder and the John Kelly gun spoke

by Lucian Cary

YOUNG BALLENTYNE didn't know, in the beginning, what J. M. Pyne meant by "a forty-rod gun," or "string measurement," or "the bud." He had never heard of Enoch Worden or Adam Vondersmith. The plan he formed, as J. M. Pyne talked about the old days, was innocent. He did not mean to start a war.

Young Ballentyne went to J. M. Pyne's shop that wintry afternoon as he always did when he got back to the Bridge for a day. He saw a car standing in the snow by the mailbox, and knew that J. M. Pyne had a visitor.

J. M. Pyne opened the door himself. Young Ballentyne saw that J. M. Pyne's white beard was freshly trimmed. It gave his patriarchal head a roguish air. J. M. Pyne introduced young Ballentyne to the visitor.

His name was Walcott and he had something to do with a sportsmen's magazine. Young Ballentyne stood silently by while J. M. Pyne continued his talk with Walcott. You always stood up when you visited J. M. Pyne, because J. M. Pyne was always standing. He was seventy-five, but he had stood at bench and lathe all his life. It never occurred to him to sit down to talk.

Walcott was asking if it was true that modern high-power rifles would shoot better than old-time ones.

"At long range," J. M. Pyne said. "They have more power to buck the wind."

"I've read," young Ballentyne said, "that a Springfield .30-06 will beat an old-time, black-powder rifle at any range from fifty feet to a thousand yards."

J. M. Pyne looked at him. "Yes," he said. But young Ballentyne knew from his tone that he didn't mean "Yes." He meant, "So you believe that, do you?"

"Of course," young Ballentyne said, "he didn't mean the Springfield service rifle or the national match. He meant a Springfield with a heavy barrel—a bull gun."

J. M. Pyne went to a cabinet of small shallow drawers and took out three heavy cards about the size of cabinet photographs.

He put one of the cards on the bench and laid a steel rule across the group of bullet holes in the centre of it and picked up his magnifying glass. He said the group measured an inch and nine sixty-fourths on centres. The other two groups measured within a quarter of an inch the same. There wasn't a shot in the whole thirty but would have hit a half-dollar.

J. M. Pyne picked up the cards in one hand and held them out. "You can't beat that," he said.

"Those groups," Walcott said, "were shot at two hundred yards!"

"Yes," J. M. Pyne said.

"With a Pyne muzzle-loader?"

"Yes," J. M. Pyne said. He looked at the cards as if it did him good to see again the shooting one of his rifles had done. "John Kelly shot them with a .38 I made for him, with a toggle-joint starter that would put anything down the barrel, and a twenty-power scope." He looked up at Walcott. "That," he said—"that was a gun. I wish I had it now. I tried to get it back when John Kelly died, but somebody else got there first."

"So," young Ballentyne said, "you think a Pyne muzzle-loader would beat a Springfield bull gun up to two hundred yards."

"Up to forty rods," J. M. Pyne said, "shooting double rest, shortest string to count, I'd rather have a gun like the one I made for John Kelly."

"There are men who wouldn't agree with you," Walcott said.

J. M. Pyne put the John Kelly targets back in the drawer of the cabinet. Then he stared fiercely at Walcott.

"Where do you think the old-time rifle makers got their reputations? By talk? No. They made their reputations at the target."

"Was any man in your time as good as you were?" Walcott asked.

Young Ballentyne was embarrassed to hear Walcott ask that question. But J. M. Pyne was not embarrassed.

"There was one man who made me hump myself," he said. "He was a young German whose father came over in '48 and settled in Pennsylvania. He and I both worked for a while in Enoch Worden's shop in Vermont. He was the most stubborn, pig-headed, obstinate cuss I ever knew. His name was Adam Vondersmith."

"If he hadn't been so pigheaded he would have been as good as I was," J. M. Pyne said. "He wouldn't admit anything. I beat him in a rest match, shooting lubricated bullets against his paper-patched ones. He wouldn't admit that the lubricated bullet was as good. He said I won because I was a better judge of wind than he was. There's nothing you can do with a man that's pigheaded. We had an argument one morning and Vondersmith lost his temper. I was sort of exasperated myself. Enoch Worden fired us both. Vondersmith went his way and I went mine. I never saw him but once after that. We didn't speak. That was fifty years ago."

"Is Vondersmith still making rifles?" young Ballentyne asked.

J. M. Pyne shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "If he's still alive, he must be pretty old. He was a year older than I was."

"Did you know," Walcott asked, "that Enoch Worden is still living?"

J. M. Pyne turned sharply. "No," he said. "He can't be."

"He is," Walcott said. "Worden retired thirty years ago. But he's still living in some little town in Massachusetts."

"Enoch Worden must be nearly a hundred years old," J. M. Pyne said.

"He's ninety-five," Walcott said, "but he's as smart as ever."

"If he is," J. M. Pyne said, "he's pretty smart."

"We've got to stage a double-rest match at forty rods under the old rules," young Ballentyne said to Walcott, after they left J. M. Pyne. "I'd like to see J. M. Pyne beat some of these birds who think a Springfield bull gun is the last word in accuracy."

"I'm afraid we couldn't stir up much interest in such a match," Walcott said. "The men who shoot bull guns are so sure their rifles are better than black-powder guns that they wouldn't bother to come out and prove it."

"Suppose there was money in it. Suppose there was a thousand dollars up."

"That would be different," Walcott admitted.

"I think I can get my father to put up the thousand dollars," young Ballentyne said.

Young Ballentyne learned, after writing a good many letters, that Adam Vondersmith had a shop near Williamsport, in Pennsylvania. Young Ballentyne got up of a morning in spring to drive down there. He came, late that afternoon, to a neat white house with a shop built alongside it. He knocked at the shop entrance and got no answer. He opened the door and walked in. A bell tinkled overhead. He saw a rifling machine, and, on beyond, at a bench under a bank of windows, a tall old man with a white beard.

Young Ballentyne gave the old man a proof of the programme for the double-rest matches at forty rods and asked him to read it.

"It is good," he said when he had finished. "It is now many years since I have seen so much prize money offered. In the old time, I have known it to be more."

Adam Vondersmith gave the programme back to young Ballentyne and picked up his graver.

"I came to ask you if you would shoot in our match," young Ballentyne said.

Adam Vondersmith looked up sharply. "*Ach, Herrje,*" he said. "I do not shoot any more."

"I drove all the way from Boston to ask you."

"To-day you drive from Boston? You must be tired," he said. He laid down his graver and called out, "Sophy! Sophy!"

A little pink-cheeked old lady appeared at the

(*continued on page* 6)

Continuing FORTY-ROD GUN

side door. Adam Vondersmith spoke to her in German.

"*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" she said. She turned to young Ballentyne. "So, you come by Boston already. I have coffee and *Kuchen.*"

Adam Vondersmith took off his apron. "I also will have coffee and *Kuchen,*" he said.

Young Ballentyne followed Mrs. Vondersmith through the side door of the shop, through a kitchen of an amazing neatness, and into the dining room. He sat down at the dining-room table with Adam Vondersmith while his wife ran back and forth, bringing the coffeepot from the kitchen range, and hot milk and slices of cinnamon cake and coffee cake.

"Mr. Vondersmith," he said, "did you ever know a rifle maker named J. M. Pyne?"

Adam Vondersmith leaned forward. "*Ja,*" he said. "I know him—that Johnny Pyne." He turned to his wife and spoke again in German.

Little Mrs. Vondersmith threw up her hands. "*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" she cried. "That man! So hot-tempered! He vas crazy! He vould have killed my husband if Mr. Worden had not stopped him!"

"No," Adam Vondersmith said with sudden violence. "No, he vould not have killed me. I vould have killed him."

"What happened?" young Ballentyne asked.

Adam Vondersmith thrust his chin out at young Ballentyne. "Do you know anything about shooting?" he demanded. "Do you know what a pinhead is?"

"Yes," young Ballentyne said, "it's a tiny bead on a thin stem, used for a front sight."

"So," Adam Vondersmith said. "Do you also know what an aperture front sight is?"

"It is a small ring through which you see the bull's-eye."

"So," Adam Vondersmith said. "That is how it started. We are talking about sights that morning. Johnny Pyne says he has found out a pinhead is the best of all front sights. I say I do not think so. I tell him I think the aperture is more better." He paused to throw his hands wide. "Which is so—and everybody knows it is so. But you cannot tell Johnny Pyne anything. No matter how I explain to him why the aperture is more better than the pinhead, he says the pinhead is better. Pretty soon he gets crazy mad and curses me for a pigheaded Dutchman, vich I am not. I am High German. So I tell him he is one dumbhead Yankee, vich is the truth. And I see he has a hammer in his hand, and he is so crazy mad he is going to hit me with it, so I pick up my hammer, and just before I hit him we hear a roar behind us, and we turn, and it is Enoch Vorden. He is a small man—Enoch Vorden. But when he is mad he has a voice like an Old Country drill sergeant.

"'Stop!' he yells. And we stop. Enoch Vorden says he has had enough of us. We are through. But we can only leave separately, and not together, because he will not let us kill each other."

Adam Vondersmith shrugged his shoulders.

"That is vot happens. Me and Johnny Pyne have worked together at the bench for one whole year, but we never speak to each other again. Vot can you do when a man has such a temper? You can do nothing with such a man."

"Wasn't Pyne a good workman?" young Ballentyne asked.

"*Donnerwetter kreuzmillion!*" Adam Vondersmith yelled. "Did I say he vas not a good workman?" He leaned forward and fixed young Ballentyne with his blue eyes. "I vill tell you something—that Johnny Pyne is not only good. He vas the best rifle maker in the whole vorld."

"Mr. Pyne has promised to shoot in our match," young Ballentyne said.

Adam Vondersmith brought his fist down on the table so hard that the coffee cups jumped out of their saucers.

"Then I also vill shoot," he said. "And I vill beat him. I have got the rifle to beat him."

Young Ballentyne stopped for J. M. Pyne before daylight that Fourth of July. He had a hundred miles to drive, and he wanted to be there early.

"I wish," J. M. Pyne said—"I wish I had my John Kelly gun. That toggle-joint starter pushed the bullet down so gently there was no upsettage. There is some upsettage when you hit the starter a blow with the heel of your hand. There's got to be. And it can't always be the same."

Young Ballentyne parked his car at the range and got out J. M. Pyne's rifle and his shooting bag.

J. M. Pyne made a gesture toward the rifle. "I'll carry that," he said.

"I don't mind," Ballentyne said.

"I mind," J. M. Pyne said. "I want to carry my own gun—as I have for fifty years."

Young Ballentyne had to give him the rifle. J. M. Pyne hung the rifle over his shoulder by the strap on the canvas case and trudged toward the shed where the loading stands were and the long line of benches for double-rest shooting. J. M. Pyne did not get far before he was stopped by friends who wanted to shake his hand and wish him well.

Young Ballentyne was so busy making up lists of shooters and assigning them to relays that he had no chance to see what J. M. Pyne was doing. And then he heard a shout and looked up and saw Adam Vondersmith coming down the line with a rifle in a case over his shoulder.

Young Ballentyne stood up to watch. It was J. M. Pyne who had shouted.

"Why, Adam," J. M. Pyne was saying, "I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad to see you, Johnny," Adam Vondersmith was saying. "I'd have been glad to see you any day for fifty years."

You knew from the sound of their voices, from the way they continued to shake hands, that they meant what they said. It was touching to see the two old men making friends again.

"Adam," J. M. Pyne was saying, "I never had anything against you. It was foolish for us to quarrel over a thing like that. You know it was foolish, and by this time you know you were dead wrong about a pinhead. You know an aperture is no good except when the light is just right."

"Johnny," Adam Vondersmith cried, "you are wrong; you are wrong."

"Adam," J. M. Pyne said earnestly, "you've never used a pinhead that was right."

"You are just the same as effer, Johnny!" Adam Vondersmith yelled. "Nobody can tell you anything! You know it all! You think, you *Schäfskopf,* that because a pinhead—"

"You pigheaded Dutchman," J. M. Pyne interrupted; "you don't listen to what I'm telling you!"

Men stood round and listened and marvelled at the passion with which they argued. Young Ballentyne thought it would never end. And then he saw a little old man with chin whiskers coming down the line on the arm of a slightly younger man. The little man walked in carpet slippers, with a stick in his free hand. His head was completely bald. His upper lip was clean-shaven. But his lower lip, his chin, his cheeks wore the most luxuriant whiskers young Ballentyne had ever seen. Young Ballentyne knew who he was—who he must be.

Enoch Worden walked straight up to J. M. Pyne and Adam Vondersmith.

"Boys!" Enoch Worden said to those two old men. "Boys!"

They did not hear him.

Enoch Worden's mouth set in a grim line above his chin whiskers. Enoch Worden raised his stick and rapped J. M. Pyne hard across the shins, and almost in the same motion he walloped Adam Vondersmith.

J. M. Pyne and Adam Vondersmith reached for their shins, as any man will when he's struck there. They reached for their shins and forgot each other and saw Enoch Worden, and, seeing him, they were no longer privileged old men. They were boys again in the presence of the boss. They bowed to Enoch Worden. They gave him the deference that courteous youth gives to old age. They shook Enoch Worden's hand; they told him how well he looked; they reminded him of his great past.

But again Enoch Worden shut his mouth in that thin line. He raised his stick. "You've talked enough, you two," he said. "Now get to work."

A bull gun spoke just then. A bull gun spoke and the hills rattled.

Enoch Worden raised his head. "Are you two going to let a man with a thing like that beat fine rifles?"

"No, sir," J. M. Pyne said meekly.

"*Ach, Herrje,*" Adam Vondersmith exclaimed. "I am again making a fool of myself."

Young Ballentyne took J. M. Pyne's shooting bag to him. J. M. Pyne got his telescope sight out of its cloth bag. Young Ballentyne pulled the .32-40 out of its case. And while J. M. Pyne put the telescope in place and turned up the screws tightly, young Ballentyne laid out the boxes of bullets, the primers, the false muzzle and the starter.

"I guess," he said to J. M. Pyne—"I guess you're ready to fire a fouling shot."

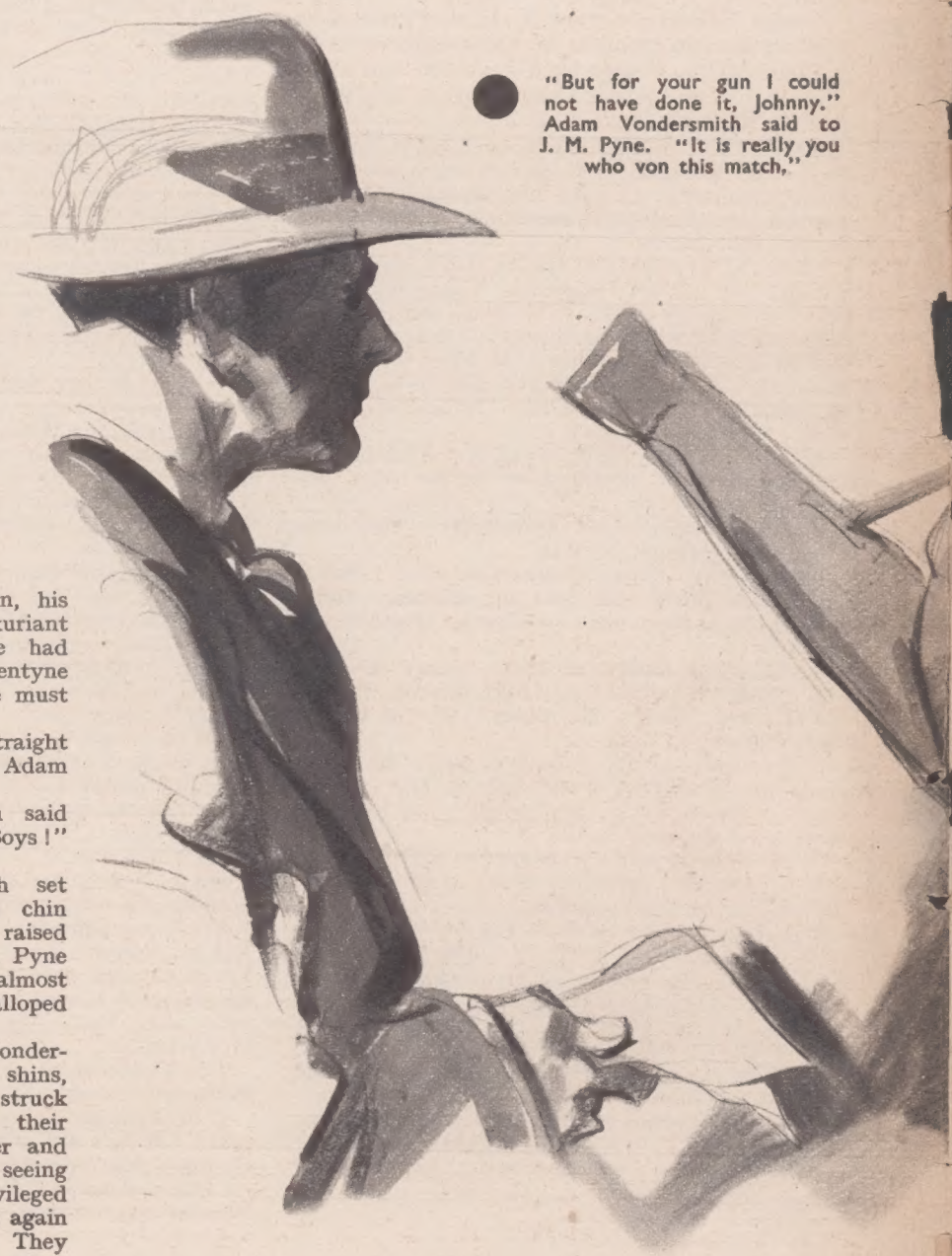
But J. M. Pyne was not listening. He was staring at Adam Vondersmith, three yards away at another loading bench.

"Do you see what he's got?" J. M. Pyne demanded.

Young Ballentyne looked across at Adam Vondersmith. He was fitting a strange implement to the false muzzle of his rifle—an affair with two metal arms opposite each other.

"Don't you know a toggle-joint starter when you see it?" J. M. Pyne asked. "The son of a gun has got my John Kelly gun."

"Well," young Ballentyne said, trying to think of something soothing to say to J. M. Pyne, "well——"



"But for your gun I could not have done it, Johnny." Adam Vondersmith said to J. M. Pyne. "It is really you who von this match."

"I waited until John Kelly had been buried a week before I wrote to his widow that I wanted to buy back that gun. I thought it was only decent to wait a week. But that Dutchman didn't wait a week."

"At least," young Ballentyne said, "it means he admits a Pyne rifle is better than anything that he can make."

J. M. Pyne said, "He can't beat me to-day—not even with my own forty-rod gun."

J. M. Pyne prepared his target. He pasted a long strip of white paper across the top. Then he got out the little steel rule he always carried, and measured off three inches from the centre toward the top, and put a black target paster, perhaps three-quarters of an inch square, on that point.

"That's my bud," he said.

"Your aiming point," young Ballentyne said.

J. M. Pyne put a row of target pasters clear across the top of his target, each one inch from the next.

"That's my wind gauge," he said. "If the wind is blowing the bullet three inches to the left, I'll hold on the third paster to the right from the centre, and so on."

Young Ballentyne called the first relay and walked down to the butt with the men who were going to shoot. He saw them tack up their targets. He saw that Adam Vondersmith was using a red wafer of the sort that's put on legal papers for a bud. There was a fellow who used four pasters marking the corners of a square. But J. M. Pyne was the only man who had a wind gauge on his target.

Young Ballentyne took up his post behind a big spotting telescope when they got back from the butts. There were sixty men on the line, and J. M. Pyne and Adam Vondersmith were the only ones who were shooting old-time rifles.

Rifles cracked all along the line when Enoch Worden gave the signal. Young Ballentyne looked over at J. M. Pyne. He saw that the old man was holding his fire. Enoch Worden called out, "One minute to go." Young Ballentyne wondered if J. M. Pyne would ever shoot. Enoch Worden called out, "Thirty seconds to go." And still J. M. Pyne waited. Enoch Worden called fifteen seconds. And still J. M. Pyne waited. Young Ballentyne saw the wind flags dip. He saw the wind flags drop. And then J. M. Pyne's rifle spoke. It sounded like a .22 after the crashes of the bull guns. It sounded so slow—go bang! How could it ever compete with the power and speed of modern military rifles?

Young Ballentyne looked into the big spotting scope to see where J. M. Pyne's shot had struck. J. M. Pyne's first shot had taken out the centre where the diagonals crossed as neatly as if the target had been lying on the bench and he had used a wad cutter. Young Ballentyne swung the scope to look at the other targets. Adam Vondersmith had a shot half an inch from dead centre. The big marine had done as well. Not one man in ten was more than two inches from centre with his first shot.

There was no way to tell which man had won until they had brought the targets back and Enoch Worden had measured them. Enoch Worden took a clean strip of paper and laid it on a target and measured from the centre of it to the centre of a shot hole, and made a mark; then he put the mark on the centre of the target and measured to the centre of another shot hole, and so on, adding automatically the sum of the deviation of the shots from centre.

Young Ballentyne hung over Enoch Worden's shoulder to watch him. But he could not stay. He had to get another relay going. He didn't know who had won until he heard somebody shout. He turned and saw them pounding J. M. Pyne on the back, and knew that J. M. Pyne had the shortest string. He saw J. M. Pyne walk back to his loading stand, and went over.

"Who got second?" young Ballentyne asked.

"Vondersmith," J. M. Pyne said. "He should have won that match. His elevation didn't vary half an inch. But he had his shots strung out with the wind. He never was a judge of wind."

Young Ballentyne learned, late in the afternoon, that J. M. Pyne had won the second ten-shot match. He went over to congratulate J. M. Pyne. But J. M. Pyne was not smiling.

"Firing pin broke," J. M. Pyne said.

"But surely you can borrow a firing pin."

"There are only two single-shot rifles on this range," J. M. Pyne said. "One is mine and the other is Vondersmith's. You wouldn't find a firing pin that would fit my gun within a hundred miles."

"At least," young Ballentyne said, "you've won two of the three matches."

"I've lost my chance for the third match and for the main prize—for the shortest string in all three matches."

"I'm sorry," young Ballentyne said. "I'm afraid that means a bull gun is going to win."

"No, it doesn't," J. M. Pyne said. "You wait and see."

Young Ballentyne saw him walk slowly over to Adam Vondersmith's loading stand. Young Ballentyne started that way and paused. He was near enough to hear what they said.

"Adam," J. M. Pyne said huskily—"Adam, I'm out of it. I've broken the firing pin of my rifle. It's up to you. The rest is up to you."

"Johnny," Adam Vondersmith said, "I'd give my right arm to win this match."

"You don't have to do that," J. M. Pyne said. "You only have to do what I tell you to do."

"*Was ist das?*" Adam Vondersmith cried.

"You're a poor judge of wind," J. M. Pyne said. "You always were. What you've got to do in this last match is line up your gun and wait until I touch you on the shoulder. When I touch you—pull."

Adam Vondersmith glared at J. M. Pyne and the veins knotted in his temples.

"*Donner und blitzen,*" he said. "You think you can teach me how to shoot?"

"It wasn't my idea," J. M. Pyne said. "It's what Enoch Worden says."

Adam Vondersmith opened his mouth to speak, and thought better of it and swallowed hard. "So," he said in a low voice—"so it shall be."

Young Ballentyne watched them as they worked together, a little awed by their intensity. Adam Vondersmith loaded the John Kelly gun while J. M. Pyne stood by. Adam Vondersmith laid the John Kelly gun on the rest bench, the muzzle just so, and waited, his eye at the telescope sight. J. M. Pyne stood behind him, watching the wind. After three, four, sometimes almost five minutes, J. M. Pyne was satisfied that the wind was the same as for the last shot. He touched Adam Vondersmith on the shoulder and the John Kelly gun spoke.

They had to score the last targets by lantern light. The sun had gone down and the moon had come up, and still Enoch Worden sat at a table with clean strips of paper and a pencil, measuring string after string. Men stood five deep behind him, watching and waiting. Enoch Worden saved Adam Vondersmith's target till the last. Men who had shot bull guns nudged one another when they saw it, not willing to believe their eyes. Enoch Worden took a silver dollar from his waistcoat pocket and laid it on the target. It covered all the shots. Enoch Worden measured the target with great care. The string came to four and one-quarter inches, meaning that the average deviation of the shots from centre was less than half an inch.

Enoch Worden stood up and found his stick and smiled. "Adam Vondersmith has won the third ten-shot match," he said. "He has also won the grand prize for the shortest string in three matches—in the whole thirty shots."

"But for your gun, I could not have done it, Johnny," Adam Vondersmith said to J. M. Pyne. "It is really you who von this match."

"Thank you, Adam," J. M. Pyne said. "If I couldn't win myself, I'd rather see you win."

"I could not have von without your gun," Adam Vondersmith said, "and maybe I could not have von without you there to keep me from shooting on the wrong vind. I never vas a goot judge of vind. I admit it. That is vhy you beat me fifty years ago, shooting your lubricated bullets against my paper-patched ones. That is vhy you make scores with a pinhead that I could not make with the aperture, vich is so much better."

"You pigheaded Dutchman," J. M. Pyne said. "You——"

He got no farther. Enoch Worden swung his stick sharply—swish, swish! J. M. Pyne reached for his shins, and so did Adam Vondersmith.

"That will do," Enoch Worden said. "Don't you know you've won? Don't you know you've beaten these fellows who thought a bull gun was better than a hand-made rifle? Don't you know it took you both to do it? Can't you see it's time to quit and be friends?"

What COLOUR is YOUR Personality?

by K. C. Spiers

WOMEN know that dress has a lot to do with their success, but few women make a study of the influence of dress and colour in relation to character and personality.

"They bow down to the Baal of the fashion factory . . . worship the Moloch of the millinery mill . . . and immolate themselves beneath the Juggernaut of the wholesale drapery trade. . . ."

The petite pretty woman who was speaking, castigated a golden curl that really called for no further carefree readjustment, and gave a pat to a black velvet beret that already sat perfectly.

She might have been the glass of Fashion; one of the leaders of Vanity Fair.

But the blue eyes flashed as she spoke with more than ordinary intelligence and in the quiet, slightly husky voice there was a note of authority.

This woman, who talks of dress like a mannequin, is also a student of Art, a knowledgeable musician, an expert chemist and the greatest woman expert on colour on the screen. She is Natalie Kalmus, wife of the man whose new Technicolour process is slowly but surely revolutionising motion pictures in two hemispheres, and she has been made entirely responsible for the practical inauguration of the new colour laboratories at Denham. She is the head of a large staff of technicians, chemists and cameramen.

"Too many women," said Mrs. Kalmus, with an enchanting effort not to be dress-dictatorial, "select a dress because they think it suits their eyes or hair or complexion. Or because the saleswoman tells them so. Or because it is expensive, or cheap. The most expensive frock you can imagine does not necessarily bring the wearer social success. The secret of dress is to express one's own personality and to harmonise colour and character.

"Few people realise the importance of colour in business as well as social life. The wrong choice, or a poor choice of colour, *ruins* more professional and social aspirations than people imagine, especially with women. The correct selection of colour is as important in dress as the proper choice of style.

"Wear the colours that best emphasise your own colouring : that is what women should always bear in mind. Women with blue eyes, for instance, make a mistake wearing a blue of the same colour or intensity as their eyes. This only decreases the effectiveness of their personality. If this blue-eyed woman selected wearing apparel in the complementary tones of blue—orange or some tone of orange, apricot, or peach—she would be adding to her distinction, which is another name for personality.

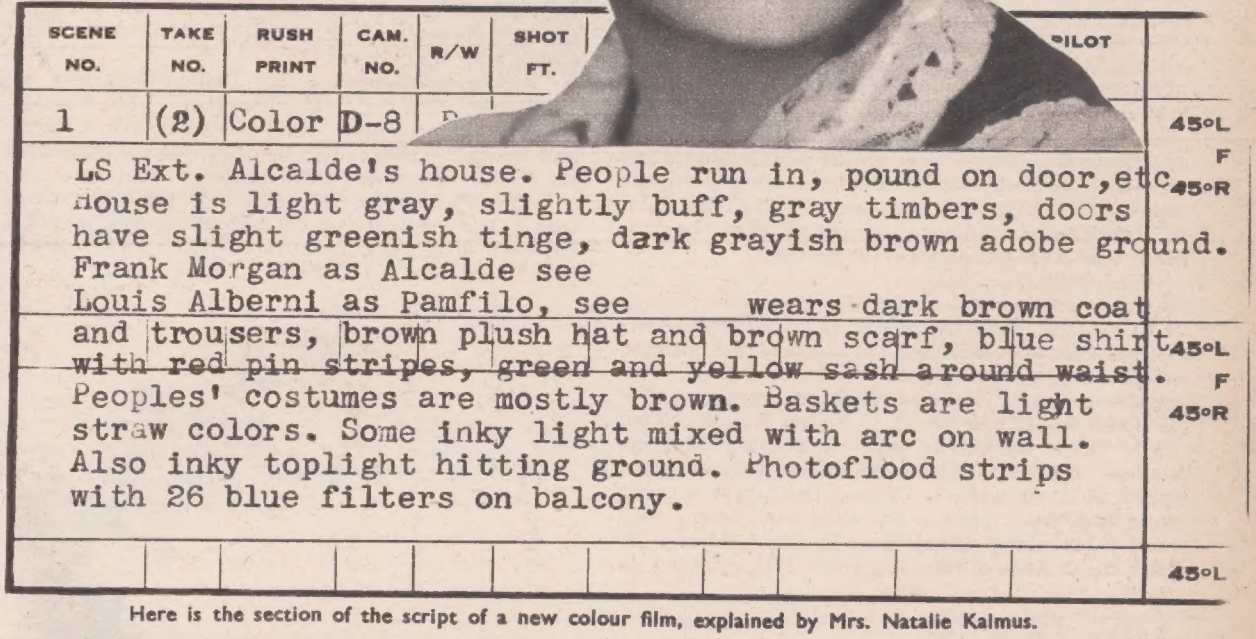
"For outdoor wear she should dress so as to provide a contrast to the weather conditions as far as possible. The woman who, on a warm day, dresses in warm colours will not appear as attractive as one who dresses in soft hues—greens, dull tans, orchid and beige or other tones of the material in these colours. In cold or cloudy weather the woman who wears salmon, orange, pink, russet, ecru or lemon will appear better dressed—and better poised—than if she wore cooler colours.

"A girl who goes for a cruising holiday should select colours that contrast with the blue of the sky and the green of the sea; light-coloured flannels with brilliant warm trimmings that serve to emphasise her particular personality. For outdoor sports the right colours should contrast with the green of the earth with cool-looking trimmings such as combinations of light blue and black, cream and black, grey and pink, or rose and brown.

"Always bear in mind that a hat of lighter hue than the dress tends to increase height, while a darker-coloured one than the costume shortens the figure. In the use of material with stripes, vertical and pronounced stripes, while tending to increase height, may unduly attract attention to the shortness of stature.

"Horizontal stripes add width and decrease the stature, while diagonal plaids serve to give form to the straight figure and accentuate curves where curves exist. Stripes have to be carefully worked out to the scale of the figure.

"The really clever woman in dress pays the fullest regard to her personality. If she is vivacious and sanguine by nature she can indulge in an occasional 'riot' of colour for social success. If she is quiet and retiring by nature, any flamboyant material appears to be out of place all the time. Feelings and emotions are correlated to colour. Therefore, a personality of a certain type who expresses herself on colours opposed to her habitual mental processes goes wrong in the matter of dress . . . "



SCENE NO.	TAKE NO.	RUSH PRINT	CAM. NO.	R/W	SHOT FT.	PILOT	
1	(2)	Color	D-8				45°L F 45°R

LS Ext. Alcalde's house. People run in, pound on door, etc. House is light gray, slightly buff, gray timbers, doors have slight greenish tinge, dark grayish brown adobe ground. Frank Morgan as Alcalde see
Louis Alberni as Pamfilo, see wears dark brown coat and trousers, brown plush hat and brown scarf, blue shirt with red pin stripes, green and yellow sash around waist. 45°L F 45°R
Peoples' costumes are mostly brown. Baskets are light straw colors. Some inky light mixed with arc on wall. Also inky toplight hitting ground. Photoflood strips with 26 blue filters on balcony.

45°L

Here is the section of the script of a new colour film, explained by Mrs. Natalie Kalmus.

In front of Mrs. Kalmus lies a typescript typed on a large printed form which is not only a scenario of words and actions, but also of colour, camera and timing instructions. Camera filter, total negative used, prints colour tests, shooting dates, camera report date, developing date and other particulars.

When you see one of these scripts you will have some idea of what a highly technical and complicated business it is writing scenarios for the screen in colour. Every item of colour used, every item of colour in relation to the dress of the artists, their position and their background have been carefully thought out and tested by experiments in the open and in the projecting-room before the final instructions are set down for director, producer, and performers.

Every player has been subjected to a light test and a skin test, and a dress test. Every bit of material used is catalogued for its light values under various conditions of atmosphere.

The great colourists of the easel learned to reconcile the splendours of the palette with the moral character as well as the physical portrayal of the subjects of their brush and paintbox. In the painting of faces and figures and incidents, bright or sombre, comic or tragic, one is conscious that the motive of the subject and of the scene has been condensed and summarised and made as expressive as the music of Mozart, Beethoven, or Bach.

"In the preparation of a picture," added Mrs. Kalmus, "we read the script and prepare a colour chart for the entire production : each scene, sequence, set and character being considered. This chart may be compared to a musical score and amplifies the picture in a similar manner.

"The preparation of this chart calls for very careful and judicious work. Subtle effects of beauty and feeling are not attained through haphazard methods, but through the application of the rules of art and the physical laws of light and colour in relation to story values.

"In the first place, this chart must be in absolute accord with the story action. Again, it must consider the principles of unity, harmony and contrast. And again it must consider the practical limitations of motion-picture production and photography. The art director in handling a colour picture has to be ever mindful that the human eye is many times more sensitive than the photographic emulsion and many times greater in scope than any possible process of reproduction. Therefore he must be able to translate his colours within the terms of the process.

"When we receive the script of a new film we carefully analyse each sequence and scene to ascertain what is the dominant mood or emotion expressed. When this is decided we plan to use the appropriate colour or set of colours that will suggest that mood, actually fitting the colour to the scene and augmenting its dramatic value.

"We plan the colours of the actors' costumes with great care. We try to clothe them in the colours that build up their screen personality. In a picture that we recently completed, two young girls play the parts of sisters. One is vivacious, affectionate and gay; the other is studious, quiet and reserved. For the first we planned costumes of pink, red, warm browns, tan and orange. For the second, blue, green, black and grey. In this way the colours were kept in unison with their screen characters.

"Then, again, there must be colour 'separation'; that is, when one colour is placed in front of or beside another colour there must be enough difference in their hues to separate one from the other photographically. For example, there must be enough difference in the colours of an actor's face and costumes and the walls of the set to make him stand out from the colours at the back of him.

"If colours are properly handled it is possible to make it appear as though the actors were actually standing there in person, thus creating the illusion of the third dimension."

J. Murray Smith tells you the story of a wandering "League of Nations," a company of devout and willing slaves; and of Michel Fokine, their leader, whose slightest gesture is law.

Helene Kirsova—"her grace and beauty are scarcely of this earth."

They LIVE to DANCE

THE road to Petrograd was deserted at that early hour of the morning, except for the small figure perched upon the high, old-fashioned bicycle. The pale spring sunshine provided more light than warmth, and the little boy pedalled hard, so that his misty breath came in jerks like the puffing of some miniature steamship.

He did not mind the cold. He liked the clear, frosty air, for then after riding so hard for more than fifteen miles he could settle down to his work in a warm and pleasant glow. It was as well to begin like that if you intended to work in the art museum. Later, when you became absorbed, you did not notice whether it was hot or cold, and it did not matter.

So, the small boy came to the art museum and, taking his little parcel of paint and brushes and paper from the carrier of his cycle, he went into copy the works of the masters.

This was his holiday—the perfect holiday. To be allowed to sit before those famous pictures, from nine in the morning until dark—who could want more?

The old doorkeeper nodded gravely as the little fellow passed into the sombre building.

"Who knows," he thought. "He may one day be a great man."

If you have ever been to New York—or even if you haven't—you may know that there is a great arena there, the Lewison Stadium, that will hold about 17,000 people.

Now there have been times when the stadium has been filled with eager, absorbed people, while 10,000 stood patiently but hopelessly outside. And the eyes of the 17,000 were riveted on one man, a small figure down there on the stage, lithe and beautifully proportioned, whose incredible grace and speed held them spellbound. And when the dance came to an end his name rose in one tremendous roar—"Fokine! Fokine!"

And now, London. A long, tall room, draped with heavy, faded curtains. A wide, smooth floor surface, reflecting the sunlight streaming in through the high windows.

Over that floor flash hurtling bodies, a wild confusion of gleaming limbs and flying hair. The piano in the far corner wrestles with Rimsky-Korsakoff, the ballet master at a table in front thumps the bare wood in time to the music, and everywhere there is that panting hiss, the swift intake of breath that betokens tremendous effort.

The dance comes to an end. The ballet master leaps up and begins to speak. Then his eye falls on the door, which is opening to admit a quiet, middle-aged man, and at once he stops. He draws himself up, his heels together, hands at the sides. Everyone else in the room does the same, as the newcomer—grey, portly, a little shabby, almost—slowly advances.

After a few steps he pauses and bows slightly.

The bow is returned, almost reverently, by everyone there—and then the rehearsal goes on.

Three incidents, three *phases*. A name is sufficient to link them up, for the boy on the bicycle in Petrograd, the dancer in the New York stadium, and the newcomer to the rehearsal room in London are one and the same person—Michel Fokine. And he has a story worth telling.

In the days of Tzarist Russia the ballet was the principal entertainment of the court. The imperial theatres had a traditional form of dance that would seem as vital to the modern theatre as the gavotte in the modern ballroom.

There were, so to speak, three "rhythms"—the polka, the valse, and the gallop. Every ballet had to conform to one of those tempos, with the result that they were all dreary and monotonous. They didn't *mean* anything. You saw a lot of people going through stately measures, always on the point of the toe, always in the same pretty-pretty dresses, making the same meaningless gestures, and when you came out you wondered what it was all about, and whether it was worth the trouble.

Consider the ballet of to-day. It draws an enormous public in this country—not highbrows, or intellectual snobs, but people like you and me. It competes with the cinema, with all other branches of the theatre, and beats them easily.

"M. Fokine, with his Monte Carlo ballet, has broken all records. . . . The first night of *Les Sylphides* took more money than any Alhambra first night in the history of the theatre," said one observer.

In fact, 16,000 went to see the ballet in the first week's run alone—"the envy," as a critic wrote, "of almost every straight theatre in London." And after every performance the audience rose to their feet to shout and cheer, and the artists had to appear eight or ten times!

That is worth mentioning in case you should be sceptical. The same kind of thing happens in the provinces for lesser ballet companies. There *is* something in this art of the theatre, and unless you know about it you are grievously out of touch with one of the most vital features of modern life. This is how it came about.

Their precision of balance and control comes only through years of study and practice.

We return to pre-war Petrograd, and find that a new pupil has been enrolled at the Imperial Academy, the child Fokine. He is the despair of the tutors, for although he already knows all that they can teach him, and performs with consummate ease, he *will* ask the most extraordinary questions.

Why cannot he have some other clothes? Why must he use his fingers in this way? Why is there no "plot"?—as though dances ever had a "plot"!

Well, this youngster quickly passed out of the Academy as the prize pupil, and a year later he was asked to go back again—as a tutor. This he did, but his tendency to break away from tradition to try new ideas on his pupils worried the directors.

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing

THEY LIVE TO DANCE

(*Left*) Fokine with some of the performers—"He will live for all time." (*Bottom, Left*) A scene taken during the performance of a Fokine ballet. (*Below*) The great Nemchinova with one of her partners—"She is flawless."

It is difficult to imagine what consternation this must have caused at the Imperial Academy before the war.

At eighteen, Fokine was already a celebrity in Petrograd, and he was invited to produce some ballet dances for a charity performance. He undertook to do so on condition that he had a free hand, and from that moment began to make something vital out of a dying art.

In a series of charity performances he presented for the first time creations that are now world famous, that are known in every town and village wherever there has been a performance of ballet.

A few years later Fokine was approached by the great Diaghileff. Fokine had actually made a historic report to the directors of the Imperial Theatre, pointing out the need for reform. He demanded that the old-fashioned musical accompaniment, the traditional poses and pantomime and the standard costumes should be forgotten and new ideas introduced. The Imperial Theatre went on as before, and Fokine went off to create the *new* Russian ballet, the thing we know to-day.

Fokine found inspiration in famous tales, in great stories and fine music. He told the story in dance, but dance such as the world had never seen before. He created ballets that Diaghileff presented all over Europe and in many other countries as well, and Fokine returned with honour to his native city. The theatre that had rejected him and his ideas invited him back as ballet master, when he was still in his early twenties. He worked there for several years, but often travelled Europe with the Diaghileff company.

Diaghileff, of course, is a name known in every corner of the world. It means, simply Russian ballet. Yet for twenty years Diaghileff merely presented the dances that were the creations of Fokine. Such immortal things as *Les Sylphides*, *The Fire Bird*, and a dozen others came from the brain of Fokine when he was still a lad. They are danced by ballet companies the world over.

Fokine worked and accomplished his "reforms" with the various companies at La Scala, in Milan, in Stockholm, Copenhagen, in Paris, and other cities. His work was capturing the imagination of the people of all countries, and wherever he went the devotees of his art flocked after him.

Before the revolution in Russia he was in Scandinavia, and when he found that it was impossible to get back into Russia, he went to the United States. There he set up his school in New York, which has trained every great dancer in America. There he has to-day the complete scenery and costumes for *fifteen* different ballets of his own creation.

He returned to Europe some months ago, and in Paris met René Blum, brother of the French Premier. Blum prevailed on him to form a new company on this side of the Atlantic, and dancers converged on Paris like grains of iron toward a magnet. The word went abroad in some incredible fashion, and the chance to work under Fokine was enough. Dancers who were stars in their own right were willing to take almost anything under Fokine. Their devotion to their job is something to marvel at, and their reverence of the "master" is almost touching.

Even the famous Woizikovsky—who was seen in London last year with his own company—was attracted by the lure of a Fokine season. He sacrificed a film contract, left his company in Paris, and flew to London to join the Master. Woizikovsky is the idol of audiences in almost every country of the world, perhaps because more than any other dancer he is able to give every part he plays something of his own personality, a personality remarkable for its curious magnetism.

There is that gifted little dancer, Hélène Kirsova. She had been in England only a few days when she was offered more than four times her present salary to appear in variety. She declined the offer without hesitation. Her grace and beauty are scarcely of this earth. The dancing of musical comedy and film actresses is like a clog dance by comparison. And she never danced at all until after she left school. She knew nothing about ballet and was studying something quite different when Fokine visited Copenhagen eight or nine years ago. She saw some of his work and made up her mind at once.

A few weeks later she was studying in Paris, learning the things most ballet dancers learn at six when she was sixteen. Then she joined a touring company, and is now in the leading rank of dancers.

She is typical of all the others. She speaks five languages fluently, and has a good knowledge of three others. She has no interest whatever outside her work, and to that she is devoted. Everything that has ever happened to her has happened in connection with ballet. It is the same with the other dancers—they have stories to tell, when they talk at all, but they are stories of the theatre, of travels, rehearsals, difficult situations, and so on.

Their lives are so wrapped around their work that they live in a world of their own, remote and preoccupied. Among their own company of fifty or sixty are to be found the makings of a little world. They travel together like one big family, sharing each other's successes and dismays. Among themselves they have their own loves and hates, their triumphs and sorrows. They marry, like gypsies, only among themselves, and their children—when there are children, which is rarely—become dancers, too.

These generalisations are true of the various ballet companies all over the world, not merely of this one

or that. And they seem all the more strange when you consider that more often than not a company of fifty may be made up of fifteen nationalities. Fokine has, for instance, people who are English, French, German, Finnish, Polish, Bulgarian, Danish, and Russian. He is now an American citizen.

To study him at a rehearsal is an education. He gives his instructions in three or four languages, often merging them in the same sentence. The dancers watch him faithfully, tense and absorbed; and those not actually dancing stretch their limbs as though eager to be moving again.

Fokine, in spite of his years, is as agile as a youth, and will suddenly join in the dance to demonstrate an intricate step. Or he will stop the movement suddenly, and the positions are held—as when a picture on the screen is stopped—while Fokine points unerringly to the fault. Oh, the patience and the devotion of those people. The joy that flashes into their eyes when the "master" nods his approval, the anguish on their faces when he frowns. Time means nothing to them; perfection is the goal.

Almost every day rehearsals begin at nine o'clock in the morning. Unless there is a matinee, they go on for most of the day, and then there is the evening performance. The discipline would make army life seem like complete freedom, and the hours mean nothing at all.

Small wonder that they have no interests beyond their work. There isn't any time. But as they are only happy when they are dancing, either at rehearsal or in front of an audience, the arrangement seems to be good.

Fokine himself is inclined to be reserved. Of his personal successes he never speaks at all, but he and his wife, without any supporting company, have filled the greatest halls, places that dwarf the Albert Hall. Until a few years ago Vera Fokina and Michel Fokine could be seen at the Metropolitan and the Hippodrome, in New York, just the two of them, dancing to packed houses. Fokine's receipts have approached 20,000 dollars for a single performance.

Michel Fokine likes to talk of his childhood and how he intended to be a painter. The hours he spent studying art provided him with early ideas for costumes and scenes. The members of his company tell of trials in many lands, but their triumphs mean little to them. That is, the applause is automatic if you dance well—and, of course, you *must* dance well.

The classic story is of the unfortunate company —not Fokine's—that was booked to appear at the Cervantes Theatre, in Buenos Aires, a theatre that had been under a superstitious hoodoo since a murder was committed there five years before. On the opening night not a seat had been taken, and only after several days was the reason for the "flop" discovered. A change was at once made to another theatre, where the company had a tremendous success.

On the way back to Europe the same company danced to entertain the passengers, but their poise was a little uncertain because of the pitching of the vessel. The captain entered the saloon during the performance and, although he had never seen ballet in his life, was captivated at once. During the interval the difficulty of dancing in a moving ship was explained to the master, and he promptly ordered the engines to be stopped until the show was over.

That is the kind of simple little story the ballet folk love to tell. They tell the same stories in all their various tongues: of trains that were late, of costumes that failed to arrive, of slippers that came off, of all the little incidents that make up their hard, harrying life.

Of one thing they never speak: the number of years they have been dancing. The life is pathetically short, and when success is approaching in one direction youth is receding in the other. No other occupation demands such sacrifice for such scant reward.

Perhaps that is why Fokine himself is so much greater and, indeed, so much more fortunate, than even the greatest of dancers. For though his dancing days are over, his dances live on, and will live for all time.

"His immortal ballets go on for ever."

Pavlova is dead, but "The Dying Swan" may be danced again. There is the difference between the *creator* of the dance, and the dancer. Incidentally, Michel Fokine was Pavlova's first partner. She danced the leading part in many of his ballets, and thirty years ago he conceived "The Dying Swan" as Pavlova danced it.

Fokine was rehearsing alone in his room in Petrograd one day when Pavlova, then little known, visited him to ask his help. She had promised, she said, to appear at a concert to be given at the Hall of the Assembly of Noblemen by members of the Imperial Russian Opera Company. Would Fokine arrange a dance especially for her?

"He mused on the dancer's long and graceful neck, the softness of her line, and felt that the dance should be beautiful, lyric, and expressive. *Le Cygne* was born from those thoughts."

That is how the matter has been explained by Mr. C. W. Beaumont, the authority on ballet. He adds:

"No one who has not seen this dance can imagine the impression it produces on the mind and heart of the spectator. The pitiful fluttering of the arms, the slow sinking of the body, the pathetic eyes and that final pose when all is stilled, arouse an emotion so deep and so overwhelming that some moments elapse before the spectator can voice his appreciation."

This article would be incomplete without a tribute to Vera Nemchinova, star of the present Fokine company, recognised as the world's only perfect dancer from the viewpoint of technique. Several of her partners have told me that to dance with her is the utmost simplicity—she is flawless. So carefully has she schooled herself, so machine-like is the judgment and precision of her movements, that she has earned the title "The Dancer with the Iron Legs."

I have seen the stage almost covered with bouquets thrown from all parts of the theatre, while Nemchinova stood, white and calm, in the centre. Her art and her grace are ageless—but Nemchinova herself has been dancing for over twenty-one years.

Fokine himself strove to express what he feels about ballet as we sat together in the wings of the theatre and the applause from the front reached us like muffled thunder.

"The dance must appeal to something in here," he said, pointing to his heart. "The appeal is not to the ear or the eye, but between the two senses something is conveyed right inside to stir the very depths of your being."

I know what he means, and I know of no better way to express it. But I can give a very simple example.

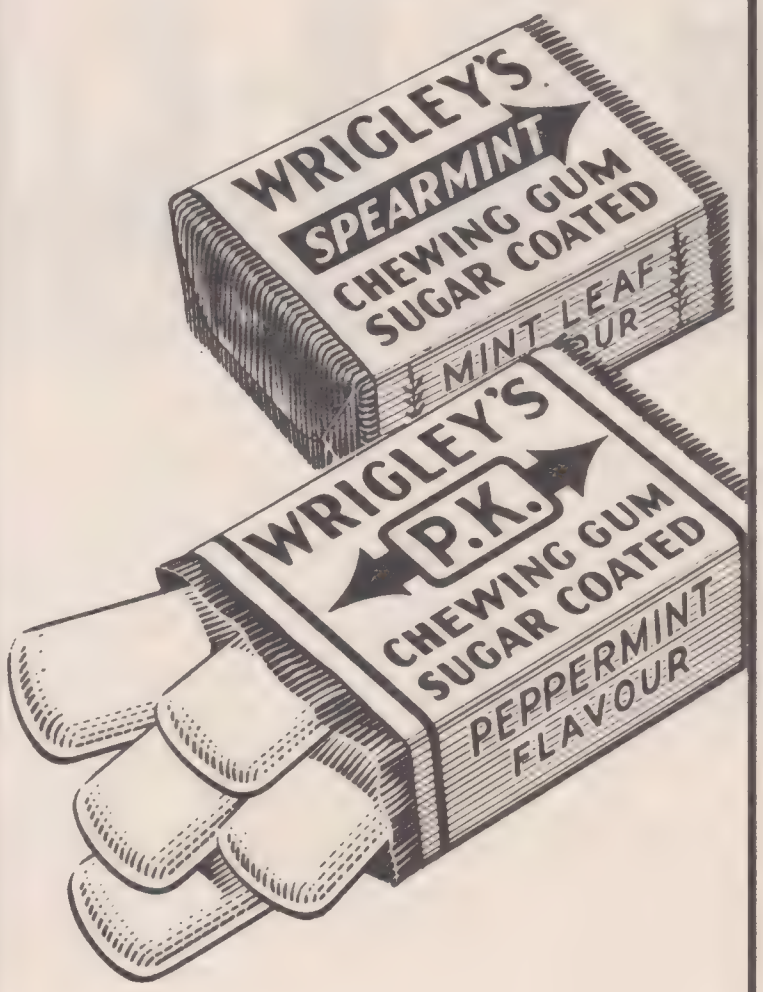
Recently, a well-known boxer and his manager booked seats for the ballet, mistaking the nature of the entertainment. The curtain went up and, to their horror, there were no comedians or chorus girls, and they felt like demanding their money back.

They stayed for a few minutes, and that was their undoing. They stayed to the end—converted, captivated. A new version of music taming the savage breast, perhaps; but it shows that modern ballet actually does appeal to all types.

So—on with the ballet. Companies come and companies go, but Fokine's immortal ballets go on for ever. The child of the theatre has grown into her proudest and strongest son. New dances emerge and arise every year or so from the vast army of willing slaves, who study and practise and dance through all the day and half the night; who wander the earth and carry their art to bring delight to morons like you and me.

In *Les Sylphides*, lovely patterns are woven no matter from what angle the dancers are viewed.

AFTER EVERY MEAL



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SHORT SHORT STORY *by* Leslie Beresford

SIGNATURE TUNE

THIS is the London national programme. . . . We are now taking listeners over to the Park Mansion Hotel for an hour of dance music. The signature-tune, which you are now beginning to hear, scarcely needs any introduction.

Forthwith, the announcer's voice was drowned, in an overwhelming crescendo, which grew so loud and overbearing in the small drawing-room that Mr. Fatherwell moved a switch, reducing the flood of sound to a more pleasant volume.

He might as well have left it alone, however, for no-one seemed to be listening. A discussion had risen over the various signature-tunes of the dance bands, and this in turn passed on to the expression "signature-tune" itself.

"It doesn't seem to make sense to me," a faded and wilting lady murmured, with the exasperation of an age which was quite out of date. "It's one of those ultra-modern expressions, invented by the newspapers, I suppose. A meaningless jumble of words," she said with emphasis.

But a very young and pretty girl fired up at this.

"One isn't exactly stupid because one happens to be modern," she protested hotly. "I consider the expression very sensible and apt. What do you say, Mr. Langton?"

The man addressed, a new acquaintance of Mr. Fatherwell, the local bank manager, seemed to have difficulty in making up his mind how to reply.

"Tell you the truth," he stammered a little, "I'm only back here in England recently—from abroad, you know—China and so on. I don't know anything much about dance bands, or—what is it? Oh, yes. Their signature-tunes. I gather the word means, a way to identify them—like wearing an old school tie, sort of thing."

"A very good illustration, my dear Langton," Mr. Fatherwell chuckled, and added: "You and I, however, as men of the world, are more interested in the only signature-tune that really matters, the one attached to a cheque. The signature and the tune of good money changing hands.

"Which reminds me," he pursued in suddenly lowered tones of confidence, drawing the other by an arm slightly aside from the small circle. "I do not usually talk 'shop' in my own home, my dear fellow. But I thought you might like to know I received a 'phone message from our head office just before we closed this morning for the week-end. It seems that, after all, those credits of yours have come through, and are in order."

"That's real good news!" the other said enthusiastically, and laughed. "When I looked in on you this morning, I'd run terribly short of ready, and it put me in no end of a hole to find I couldn't draw on those credits. I'd intended to run up to town early next week——"

"You still could do that, you know," Mr. Fatherwell remarked. "If it's a matter of ready-money—well, I happen to have quite a goodish sum of my own in the house. You need only give me your cheque for the amount you need."

"Really?" The other looked more relieved than ever, adding: "That would be immensely kind of you, if it doesn't put you to any trouble——"

Mr. Fatherwell beamed on him through the somewhat powerful lenses of his spectacles.

"Anything to oblige a valued client. Shall we slip away to my study?"

This was not, however, to happen immediately. The faded and wilting lady had suddenly risen, creating a general commotion by offering her polite farewells. It was apparent that others were about to follow her example, though Mrs. Fatherwell—in her smooth and expansive voice—lamented so early a breaking-up of the tea-party.

"You, Ida dear," she said to the very young and pretty girl in particular. "You can't be in any hurry——"

"Oh, but I am, Mrs. Fatherwell!" the other replied, and then realised her remark not to have been quite tactful, so she coloured and laughed in an embarrassed way.

"I didn't mean, of course, that I was in any hurry to leave you, dear Mrs. Fatherwell," she hurriedly smoothed over her lapse. "But I do want to get home and ask my dad if there's any more news about the burglary at the works last night, and whether they've caught the man who killed poor Robbins."

"I don't imagine for a moment, Ida, the brute's been caught yet," said Mr. Fatherwell.

"Let us go and do our stuff, my dear Langton," he suggested as the others trailed out through the open french window to the garden, leaving them alone.

He led the way into a small room, fitted as an office, even to a small safe in a corner.

"Won't you sit down?" he urged. "You'll find pen and ink there, my dear fellow, and no doubt you have your cheque-book? Good."

"I'm wondering how much my plenty can be," Langton said. "It's really very nice of you to oblige me in this way, you know. I do not want to inconvenience you as to the amount."

"Fifty—a hundred, if you like——"

"I'll make it fifty, and thanks. . . ." The other lingered with his pen over the cheque, for an instant, then looked up. "Let's see. What is the date to-day?" he enquired.

"The seventh," replied Mr. Fatherwell.

"Well, there you are!" said the other as he handed across the cheque and pocketed the notes lying ready for him.

"Aren't you, by the way, a bit scared of keeping a good deal of money in your house?" he asked, as Mr. Fatherwell perfunctorily studied the cheque in his hands. "I mean—I was thinking about last night's burglary at those works here, of which they were talking in the other room. But I can't understand why he left all that money behind."

Mr. Fatherwell, leaned forward, "I can tell you in confidence, my dear Langton—it wasn't a matter of money at all. Something much more important. At those works—this is a profound secret up to the present—they're busy on some invention for the Government, I can't say what. It's to do, anyhow, with that horrible war business which we all deplore——"

"Espionage?" The other appeared suddenly to see daylight.

"Bad. Still, in a small place like this. I mean—any foreigner about must have been noticed, surely?"

Here the door was opened to admit the mature expansiveness of Mrs. Fatherwell, whose complacency seemed slightly upset.

"James dear, here's Ida's father to see you, and——" her rather full voice faded away as she gave place in the open doorway to an anxious-faced, elderly man, behind whom came two others of stocky build.

"I'm here as arranged, Fatherwell," the elderly man said. "And I've brought Inspector Gill——"

"Splendid!" interrupted Mr. Fatherwell on a note of obvious relief, and pointed towards his companion. "I think you'll find that this is your man."

"What? Langton?" stared the other, the more as a sudden burst of laughter came from the person pointed out, astonishment on his face mingled with an expression of angry impatience.

"What's the funny idea, Mr. Fatherwell?" he was demanding, but stepping back sharply at the same time.

"I wouldn't call it funny at all," Mr. Fatherwell retorted just as sharply. "I wouldn't call it funny to be a German, posing as English. You wouldn't go to that trouble as a practical joke."

"The man must be mad!" the other almost blared, turning to the newcomers. "I don't know what he's talking about, I'm sure. Accusing me of being German, when—as my bank manager—he knows——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mr. Fatherwell. "Your credentials as George William Langton seemed right enough on the surface, and I had to accept them. But I've had my suspicions, all the same. I was educated in Germany, you know, and I know the habits of the race. For instance, one of them——"

Carefully as he had folded the cheque he still was holding in his fingers, Mr. Fatherwell now carefully opened it up again, holding it out so that the elderly man should see it, the inspector—also very interested—peering over his shoulder.

"I ask you to look at the date on that cheque, which Mr.—er—Langton has just made out to me, and signed. It is the seventh of the month. Notice, please, how the seven is written. Not, I imagine, in the way an Englishman would write it?"

"Of course not!" It was the inspector who gruffly gave this opinion. "It has a little line across the downward stroke, as the Germans write the number——"

And here, in a flash, there intervened such swift, sinister happenings as removed that cheque momentarily into the background of all interest. It seemed that the man calling himself Langton had drawn a gun, the muzzle of which was pointed at his own mouth. It took a few moments before the quick-leaping inspector and his stocky companion had upset this attempt at self-destruction. And now. . . .

"I'm afraid," Mr. Fatherwell said to the man, whose round face was no longer ruddy, "the signature-tune on this cheque of yours has identified you only too well. That's why I got you to make it out. I remembered noticing a seven like that on one of your cheques before, though I hadn't thought much of it at the time, as your English was so devilish good.

"But last night's business made me begin to put two and two together," he went on in his precise way. "To make sure, I said your credits weren't through, and asked you along here this afternoon, got you to make out that cheque. And, knowing to-day happened to be the seventh, I just hoped for the best."

A MOLLY O'ROURKE STORY

The Hospital MURDER

WHEN word came through to the Yard that Doctor George Hall had been found dead in his bedroom at the Royal Edward Hospital, Detective-Inspector Pomeroy promptly saw to it that he was assigned to look into the matter. He had a very particular interest in this hospital. And as soon as he reached it, he made his way directly to her office.

Molly O'Rourke greeted him with a smile that lacked something of her usual gaiety. The news of Doctor Hall's death had come as a shock to her. He had been such a studious, hard-working young fellow and she had not seen much of him. But what she had seen she had liked.

"I suppose you've come about Doctor Hall?" she said.

"Yes," he replied. "I've been asked to make the usual enquiries. What happened?"

"I think you'd better come along and see the superintendent. He'll tell you all about it."

Henry Charlesworth, superintendent of the hospital, looked worried. His grave kindly face lighted up, however, at sight of Molly. Like everyone else in the place, he had a very tender spot for their youthful almoner.

"This is Detective-Inspector Pomeroy," she said, introducing the two men. "He wants to know something about Doctor Hall."

"A very sad business, Inspector. Given me quite a jolt. I hope it won't cause any scandal. I liked the boy immensely. No idea that he was a drug addict."

"Was that the cause of death?"

"Yes. Morphia. Unfortunately, even with all the regulations, it's impossible in a large place like this to keep absolute control over our dangerous drugs. The house surgeons, of course, must have immediate access to them."

"Quite so. I'm sure the authorities will realise that. Will you just tell me the particulars of the case—quite briefly?"

Mr. Charlesworth looked relieved.

"It's very simple, Inspector, though so tragic. The discovery was made when a maid took an early morning cup of tea to Doctor Hall's room. She found him sat on a chair before the gas stove. He was in pyjamas and dressing-gown, and looked as though he had fallen asleep there. The girl made an attempt to awaken him, but soon realised that something was wrong. She obtained assistance, and it was then found that poor Hall must have been dead several hours. On a small table beside him were a hypodermic syringe and a phial of morphia. Doctor Forest, our senior house surgeon, is prepared to state that the cause of death is morphia poisoning. That's all, Inspector."

"Thank you," said Pomeroy. "You've no objection to me seeing the bedroom?"

"Of course not. I'll send——"

"Don't trouble, Mr. Charlesworth," interrupted Molly. "I'll take Inspector Pomeroy along."

"Thank you." The superintendent sighed in relief. "There are such a lot of things requiring my immediate attention. The whole hospital has been rather disorganised by this tragedy."

Molly led Pomeroy along the corridors towards the staff quarters. As they passed an open door, revealing a glimpse of a bare spotless interior beyond, the inspector halted.

"That the operating theatre?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Like to have a look in?"

"They always fascinate me," he admitted, moving towards the door. "There's something so——"

He broke off, listening. From the ante-room to one side of the door came the faint but unmistakable sound of a woman sobbing.

"That will be Sister Trent," murmured Molly, with quick sympathy on her lovely face. "I did hear that she and Doctor Hall were——"

She tiptoed forward and glanced through the door. In a moment she advanced into the ante-room beyond. Pomeroy followed, standing awkwardly on the threshold as he saw what was happening within.

The theatre sister, in her neat, starched uniform, was sitting before a tray of glittering instruments. Her white-capped head had fallen on outstretched arms beside the tray, and a handkerchief was held over her mouth in an attempt to stifle the storm of sobbing which racked her. Molly leaned over her, one arm round her neck, whispering phrases of sympathy into her ear.

"Oh, I'm a baby, Miss O'Rourke!" The words were barely audible. "I—I haven't given way before. I'll try——"

Sister Trent raised a tear-stained face and made a pathetic attempt to smile.

"He—we were going to be married—sometime. There was no one—like him. And now they're saying that he—he—oh, I'm sure he didn't drug himself! I know he didn't!"

"Don't worry," murmured Molly. "Try not to think of it. It can't do any good."

"I know. It was just—being alone here. I won't break down again, Miss O'Rourke."

A white-coated figure pushed past Pomeroy with a curious glance at him, and strode into the ante-room.

"Morning, Miss O'Rourke." he said abruptly. "Theatre ready, Sister?"

Sister Trent managed to control her agitation.

"When will you be wanting it, Doctor Crossley?" she asked.

"In half an hour. I've a gastro-enterostomy and two appendixes."

"Very well. I'll see that everything's ready."

"Thanks." Doctor Crossley swung on his heel, frowning. "I'll be in a hurry, so don't keep me waiting. Everything in the place seems upside down this morning."

He strode out with another glance at Pomeroy. Molly tossed her red head.

"He's a beast, talking to you like that," she said. "He must have known how you were feeling."

"It doesn't matter." Sister Trent started to collect her instruments. "He doesn't mean anything."

Dectective-Inspector Pomeroy was thoughtful as he followed Molly along the corridor.

"What do you think of Doctor Hall?" he asked suddenly. "About this doping, I mean?"

Strong hands caught her wrists and forced them apart.

"I've no idea, Pom-Pom," she replied. "Such a thought never entered my mind about him."

"That's just it. *She* seems pretty sure that he didn't drug, doesn't she? Still, I suppose that means nothing. These addicts are very clever at keeping their habits to themselves."

As they passed through the door giving access to the staff quarters, another white-coated figure emerged from one of the rooms. Molly smiled at him.

"Good morning, Doctor Forest," she said.

"Good morning, Miss O'Rourke. Anything I can do for you?"

"This is Detective-Inspector Pomeroy. He wants to know all about poor Doctor Hall. You can tell him, can't you?"

"Yes." Alan Forest's pleasant face grew grave. "It's a shocking business, Inspector. I got the surprise of my life when I was called to him."

"You're quite sure that he died of morphia poisoning?"

"Absolutely. His pupils were like pin-points. He'd all the other symptoms, too."

"And the morphia was self-administered?"

"It must have been, mustn't it? It was there on the table beside him, with the syringe."

"He'd been dead some time, you thought?"

"Several hours, at least."

"Did you know that he was an addict?"

"I hadn't the faintest idea. That surprised me more than anything. But he'd marks of hypodermic needles all over his arm. He must have been taking a lot."

"There's no way of recognising a morphia addict, I suppose?"

By FRANK KING

Illustrated by Greenup

"Not so long as he's getting as much as he wants. It's when the craving can't be gratified that symptoms show themselves."

"And Doctor Hall would have easy access to the stuff?"

"Yes. We all have."

"I see. Anything else you can tell me?"

"I'm afraid not. You'd like to see him, I suppose?

"I should."

"This is his room." Doctor Forest opened the door. "Nothing has been touched, except that we lifted him on to the bed." He stood aside to allow the inspector to enter. "You won't want me, will you? If there's anything I can do at all, let me know. But I've one or two worrying cases."

"I'll look you up again if I want any more information."

Forest hurried away, his white coat flying. Pomeroy turned to Molly.

"Will you wait for me?" he asked.

"No fear, I'm coming in with you."

"But——"

"It's no use arguing, Pom-Pom. You've an idea there's something funny about this, haven't you?"

"Not really." Pomeroy smiled at the eagerness in her blue eyes. "It's just that—well, I don't quite understand it."

"Neither do I. So I'm coming in with you."

"Very well. If you must."

The bedroom which had been assigned to Doctor George Hall was quite comfortable, though the furniture was old-fashioned. Molly stood by the door, shivering a little as she caught sight of the small table with the hypodermic syringe and phial of morphia on it. She couldn't help glancing at the still figure which lay on the bed covered by a sheet. But after that one glance, she hastily averted her eyes.

Detective-Inspector Pomeroy, too, stood just inside the door, looking thoughtfully round. After a while, he crossed to the little table and examined the objects which stood upon it, but did not touch them. Then he crossed to the bed and drew back the sheet.

Molly was used to death, but somehow she could not bring herself to watch her friend as he made a hasty examination of the dead doctor. Soon, however, a little exclamation escaped him and she swung round towards him.

"What is it, Pom-Pom?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know," he replied. "But there's something a bit queer about this." He had pulled up the sleeve of the dead man's dressing-gown and was gazing at one of the white arms. "Would you care to look?"

Molly slowly advanced. She saw that the exposed arm was marked with several tiny punctures, obviously made by a hypodermic needle.

"That's what Doctor Forest said, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes. But—doesn't it strike you that there's something rather extraordinary about them?"

"In what way?"

"Well, I may be wrong. But it looks very much to me as though they were all made at the same time."

"Gracious! I believe you're right. They all look alike, don't they? I should never have noticed it."

"Neither should I, except for——"

"For what?"

"Well, both Sister Trent and Doctor Forest were sure he didn't drug. And now these punctures . . ." The inspector's voice lowered. "It looks almost as though they might have been made deliberately to give the impression that he was an addict."

Molly's blue eyes opened wid-.

"But he'd never do that himself, surely, Pom-Pom?"

"No, I don't think he would."

"You mean that someone else . . . Oh, that can't be so! Besides, you can't imagine him letting anyone——"

"No," agreed the inspector gravely. "Not if he knew about it."

Molly stood tense and rigid, staring at him. In the last few moments a new atmosphere had arisen in this death chamber, an atmosphere horrible and terrifying.

"Pom-Pom!" she whispered, after a while. "You don't think—murder?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "But I'll have to look into it. Hadn't you better go?"

"No. I'm staying."

"It may be unpleasant. You see, if these punctures were all made at the same time, and that seems very probable, it does mean that we're up against a very clever murderer. Hall was rendered unconscious in some way . . ."

"He might have been given a sleeping draught, in a drink or something."

"Yes. that's possible. Anyhow, while he was unconscious, the murderer injected an overdose of morphia into his arm, then made several more punctures with the needle to give everyone the idea that his victim was an addict; the natural assumption being then, that he had given himself an overdose. It was easy to strengthen this impression by leaving the phial and syringe here. They're hospital property and couldn't be traced to anyone in particular."

"Oh, Pom-Pom! How devilish!"

"I'll have to look round pretty intensively. I'll have to examine him."

"Yes. All the same, I'd like to stay. I may be able to help you."

Molly watched solemnly as the inspector commenced a very careful search of the room. Never had she seen a place gone over so thoroughly. Every nook and corner was investigated with meticulous precision, nothing overlooked or considered too small for consideration.

And eventually Pomeroy, on his knees on the carpet, whistled softly. Molly ran to him eagerly.

"You've found something?" she asked.

He pointed to a few little specks, more than half hidden in the pile of the carpet.

"What is it, Pom-Pom?"

"Sand."

"But what on earth——"

"Cunning! Very cunning, indeed! If you hit a man with a sandbag, Molly, you knock him unconscious; and you don't leave a mark of any sort or description on him."

"And you think that's how——"

"We can't be sure yet. But it does seem rather strange that we should find grains of sand in this room. I wonder——" The inspector crossed hastily to the bed. "It's no use looking at his head. It doesn't leave even a bruise. All the same . . ."

He raised the dead man's head from the pillow and scrutinised it closely. Again he whistled, carefully disentangling something from the ruffled hair.

"That proves it!" he said curtly.

Molly stared as she took the thread of black wool which he held out towards her.

"From a stocking," he said. "The stocking filled with sand which was used to knock Hall unconscious. A few grains escaped when the blow was delivered, and this thread . . . It's murder, all right, Molly. Done just as we suggested."

"But who?"

"That's what we have to find out."

There was silence in the room for a moment. Molly laid the black thread of wool on her hand, lifted it, and gazed at it closely. Her eyes were startled, incredulous.

"Yes," she repeated slowly. "That's what we've to find out."

"Well, I'll have to get busy. It's routine work, this, Molly. Questioning and questioning, until at last we hit on something definite."

"I can't help you in any way, I suppose?"

"No. I'll let you know at once, of course, if I do find anything."

"Thanks, Pom-Pom. I never expected anything like this."

"Neither did the murderer," said Pomeroy grimly. "He thought the false trail he had laid would lead everyone astray. That's certainly to our advantage. He's not expecting to be discovered. You'd better give me that thread back. Thanks."

Molly returned to her office and tried to concentrate on her work. She found this impossible. The dreadful thought that had entered her mind could not be fought down. And eventually she sat at her desk, making no pretence to work, staring sightlessly at the papers in front of her, thinking, wondering, until her brain reeled.

Towards lunchtime, Detective-Inspector Pomeroy called in to see her.

"Well?" she enquired; and there was a trace of fear in her eyes. "Made any progress?"

"Not much. I've discovered that Sister Trent and Doctor Crossley were the only people to visit his room last night so far as is known. What do you think about Crossley, Molly?"

"I don't know much about him."

"Strikes me as being a rather unpleasant sort of johnny."

"Yes. I don't care much for him myself."

"I've found out that, in a way, he and Hall were rivals. He was rather keen on Sister Trent himself."

"Oh! But that doesn't mean——"

"Of course not. Still, we have to keep such things in mind. There's another point that's occurred to me. Are there any building operations going on about the hospital?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"I'm just wondering where the murderer got his sand. There's no great difficulty about it, of course. But when all's said and done, a hospital doesn't seem the likeliest place to lay your hands on sand,

(*continued overleaf*)

Continuing *The* HOSPITAL MURDER

does it? Is it used for any purpose anywhere, so far as you know?"

"I've seen it in the Pathological Laboratory. They use it there sometimes when they're heating things over a bunsen."

"Crossley use the laboratory much?"

"No more than any of the other house surgeons."

"H'm! Well, it's a point that might be worth looking into. How's the time? By Jove, I must be off. I'd like to take you out to lunch, Molly, but there are some fingerprint experts and so forth coming along from the Yard."

"Have you told anyone in the hospital what you think?"

"Not yet. It's just as well that the murderer shouldn't suspect."

"Yes." Molly hesitated. "Pom-Pom, will you do something for me?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"I hardly like to—still, you must know about it."

The inspector's pleasant face grew grave as she faltered out her request.

"It sounds impossible," he murmured.

"I know it does. But it's there, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'm not sure whether I ought——"

"Please, Pom-Pom!"

"All right. I'll do exactly as you say."

"Thank you. I feel that it's the best way."

Molly went out and had lunch by herself. At least, she drank a cup of tea; she felt that food would have choked her. And immediately she returned to the hospital, she visited the Matron's room to make an enquiry, then traversed the long corridors to the staff quarters.

"Pom-Pom! What will they—do to her? They won't——"

Here she knocked on a door, and obeying a call, went in. She stood for a moment watching Sister Trent, who was talking baby language to a couple of canaries in a large cage.

"You're off duty this afternoon, I believe, Sister?" she said. "Can I have a word with you?"

"Of course. Do come and sit down."

Sister Trent moved forward an armchair, and seated herself on the bed. She was a dark, strikingly handsome woman. There were still traces of tears on her face.

Molly sat down facing the open window, where the canaries' cage hung. Beyond it was a tiny balcony, overlooking the tennis courts. Her eyes came round to Sister Trent, and there was pity in them.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," she said, faltering a little. "But I think you ought to know. Inspector Pomeroy has come to the conclusion that Doctor Hall was—murdered!"

"That's impossible!"

"No. Incredible, perhaps; but not impossible. Listen! I'll tell you how it was done. He was seated in his chair in front of the stove. Suddenly, the murderer hit him on the head with a sandbag. He lost consciousness at once. The murderer then gave him an overdose of morphia, afterwards making several more punctures with the hypodermic needle so that it would look as though Doctor Hall were an addict. The phial of morphia and the hypodermic needle were left on the little table to strengthen this impression. Then the murderer crept out of the room, knowing that the victim would be dead long before morning."

"But it sounds ridiculous, Miss O'Rourke. How can you possibly think it happened that way?"

"Grains of sand which had trickled from the sandbag were found in the carpet. A thread of wool from the stocking which had been used to hold the sand was entangled in Doctor Hall's hair."

"I can't believe it!" Sister Trent's breast was rising and falling unevenly. "Who could have done such a thing? And why?"

Molly was silent for a minute, gazing round the room. She noted a package on a shelf, and started a little. Then she turned back to her companion.

"I know who killed him," she said slowly. "But I don't know why."

"You know?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you tell me? Why don't you denounce this murderer, so that——"

"I'm going to tell you. Listen, Sister! There was a definite fragrance about that shred of wool we found. The stocking from which it had come had been stored in lavender."

"Well?"

"Men don't do that sort of thing. It was a woman who killed Doctor Hall."

"That's rather a—a rash assertion, isn't it? Someone might have stolen the stocking."

"And the sand?"

"I don't see what you mean."

"Don't you? Inspector Pomeroy was rather worried as to where the murderer had obtained the sand. I see you have some there, in a package on that shelf, which you use for the bottom of your canaries' cage. Sister Trent, why did you kill Doctor Hall?"

The dark face flamed with anger.

"Don't be absurd, Miss O'Rourke. You know perfectly well that I loved him."

Molly sighed wearily.

"There's plenty of evidence against you—now. It's no use lying about a thing like this, is it?"

"No, it isn't." An insane cunning crept into the burning eyes. "You're here alone with me. There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you. I did kill him! Just as you described."

"But why?" asked Molly, shivering. "When you loved him."

"He didn't love me. That was just the point. At least, he used to. We used to plan what we would do when we were married." The curious gleam in the fiery eyes grew brighter. "And then he changed his mind. He said he could never marry me. And what do you suppose his excuse was? What do you suppose he said was the reason? He told me that I was ill—mentally. He told me that my mind was diseased, that I needed treatment in an asylum and that he couldn't risk——

"Did you ever hear such rubbish? I, theatre sister here in the Royal Edward Hospital for years—mad! He said it couldn't be long before everyone knew it. But I could see what it was. He d tired of me. Probably found someone else.

"And so, when I could see that his mind was made up, I planned it all out. It was easy to get the morphia and the syringe. I went to his room last night and pleaded with him for the last time. He pretended to be sorry. He said that nothing could be done. And then I— But why am I telling you all this? Who are you that you should know?" The wild eyes flamed more fiercely. "You'll tell someone else. They'll take me away. No! Not while I'm alive." Sister Trent sprang from the bed and advanced threateningly towards Molly. "You shan't tell anyone. I'll kill you! Yes, that's the only way to keep you quiet."

Molly rose hurriedly to her feet. But already claw-like fingers were clutching at her throat. She tried to call out, but could make no sound. She struck out blindly at the contorted face confronting her, but her blows had no effect. The clutching fingers tightened, and intolerable pain seared her chest.

Then, suddenly, a shadow darkened the window, brushing the birdcage aside. Strong hands caught the madwoman's wrists and forced them apart. Sister Trent screamed violently. She struggled and kicked like a wild beast, but the hands did not release her. And in a moment, with a long shuddering sigh, she collapsed in an unconscious heap.

Detective-Inspector Pomeroy caught Molly in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he gasped.

"No. I'm all right."

"I—I shouldn't have let you do this."

"But you've heard now, haven't you? You know the truth. It was the only way to get at it."

"Yes, I'm satisfied. But whether a jury will convict—I'd better have a look round here while I have the opportunity."

It did not take the inspector long to find in a drawer a black stocking which showed unmistakable traces of sand inside it. And when the package on the shelf was emptied out, one or two fragments of wool were discovered amongst the golden grains.

"That settles it," he said, gazing down at Sister Trent's motionless body. "Thanks to you, Molly. If you hadn't noticed that lavender, I doubt whether I'd ever have found the murderess."

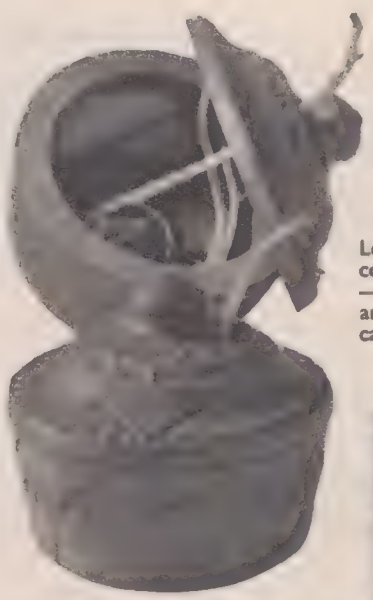
"Pom-Pom!" She laid a trembling hand on his arm. "What will they—do to her? They won't—"

"No, of course not! She's obviously insane, poor thing. They'll take good care of her, try to cure her."

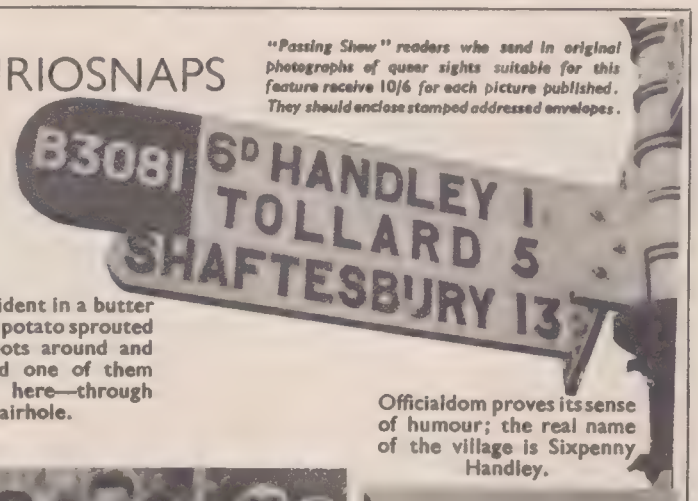
"But that won't bring Doctor Hall back to—" There were tears in the blue eyes. "Oh, Pom-Pom! Sometimes I—I think I don't want to be an almoner any longer."

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped addressed envelopes.



Left by accident in a butter cooler, the potato sprouted—sent shoots around and around and one of them came out here—through the airhole.



Officialdom proves its sense of humour; the real name of the village is Sixpenny Handley.

This horse lost its head when it turned away just as the camera "clicked."

What they are saying is nobody's business, but they are entertaining the crowd at a Chinese Fair.

Somebody said that he would like to be a lighthouse keeper if it were not for the solitude; well, here's a lighthouse in the centre of Colombo, Ceylon, all ready for him.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Yes, it somehow got about that I wasn't taking a holiday this year."

"I saw the new maid kissing the milkman this morning."
"Good gracious! Wasting time on him when we owe the grocer eight pounds ten."

"What if this is a luxury liner, this ain't no way to make us dress."

"But we've camped under this tree every year since we were married."

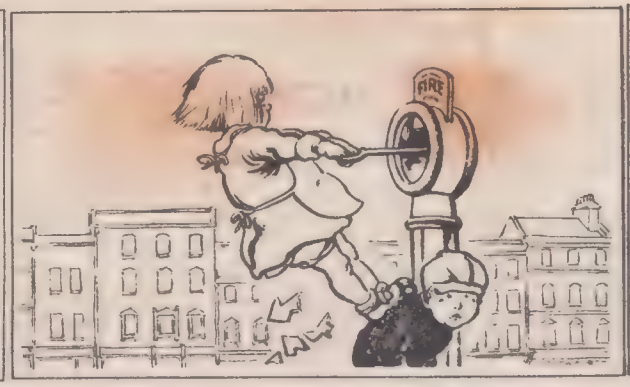
" It's my idea, chief. I figured it would break up the monotony of looking at them ! "

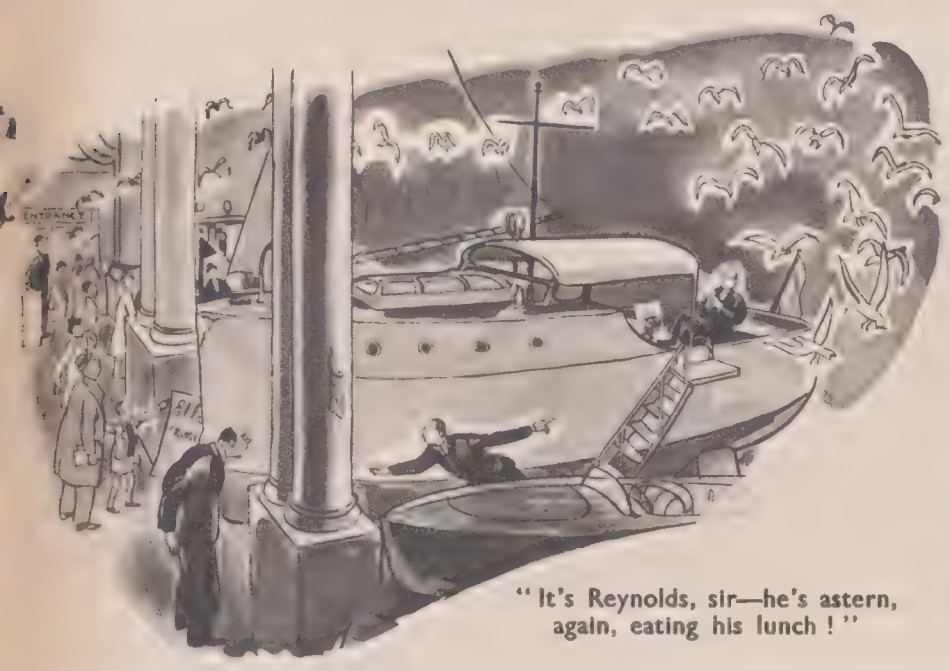
" This is my third parachute jump."

A MAN IN A STORM

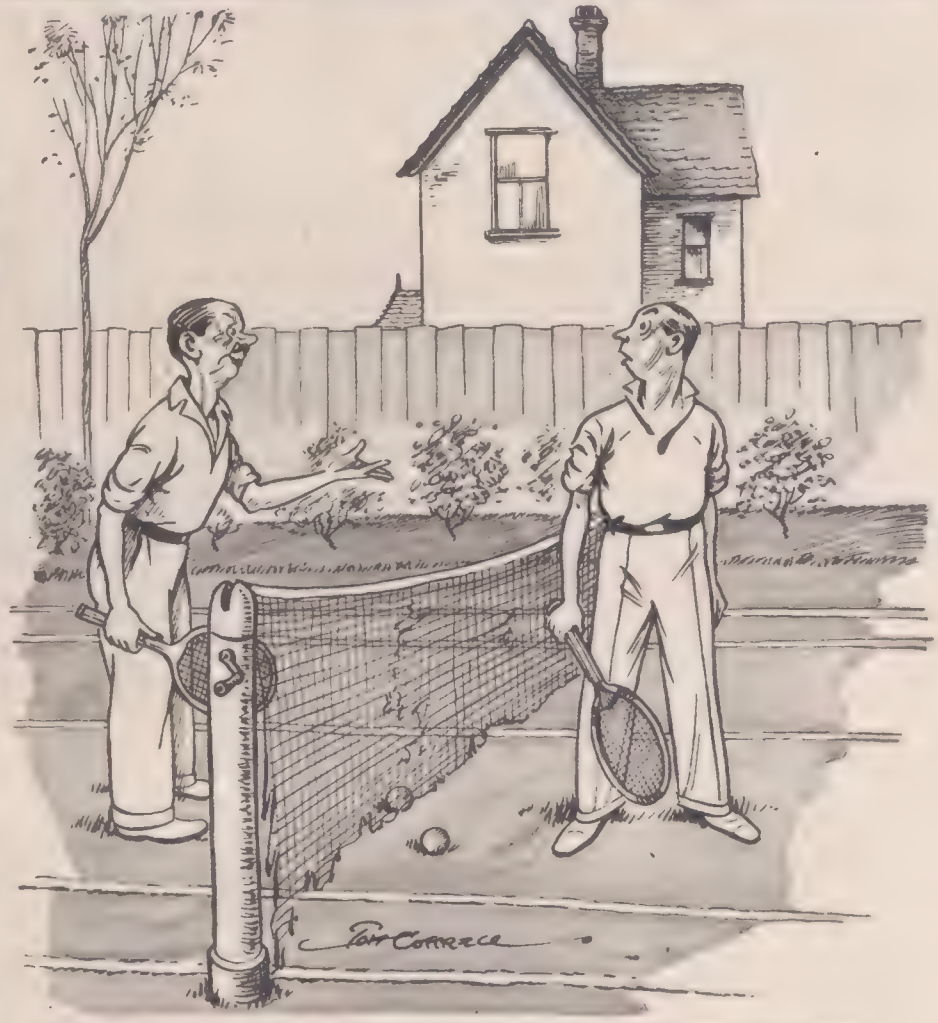
by A. C. BARRETT

THE GOOD CITIZENS





"It's Reynolds, sir—he's astern, again, eating his lunch!"

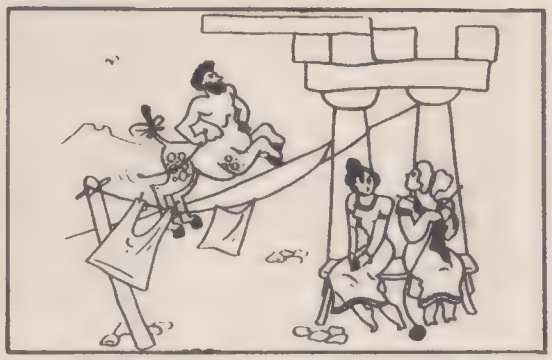


"Before you go, old man, help me to put the net back over the currant bushes."

"The charabanc ain't in it, lass, for seeing t'soights."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

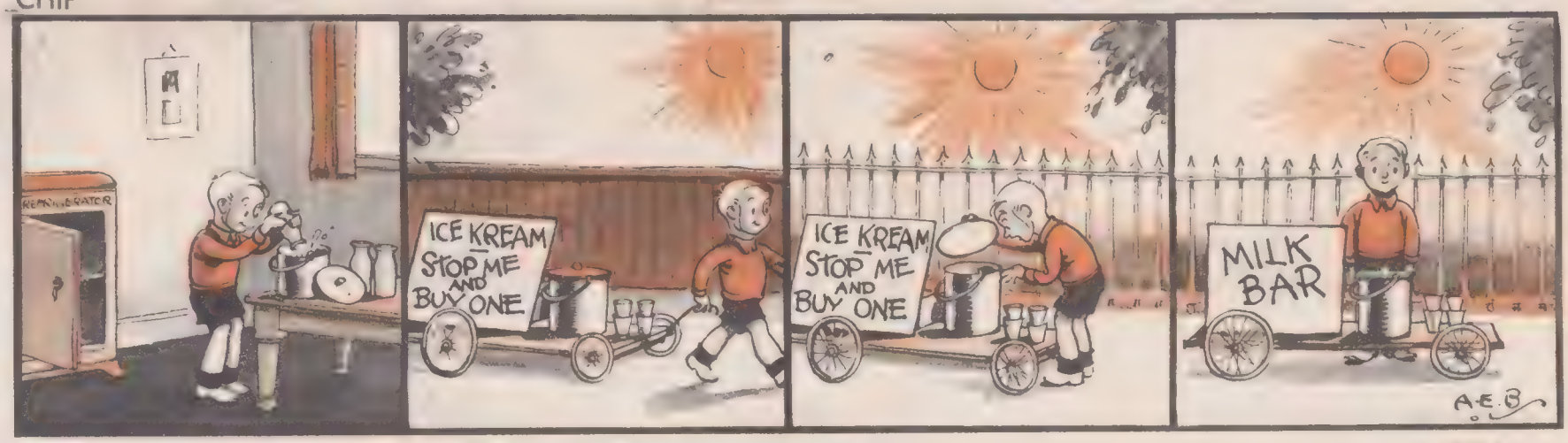
AT THE CENTAUR'S HOME
"I can't make up my mind whether to give my husband a pullover or a saddle cloth for his birthday."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

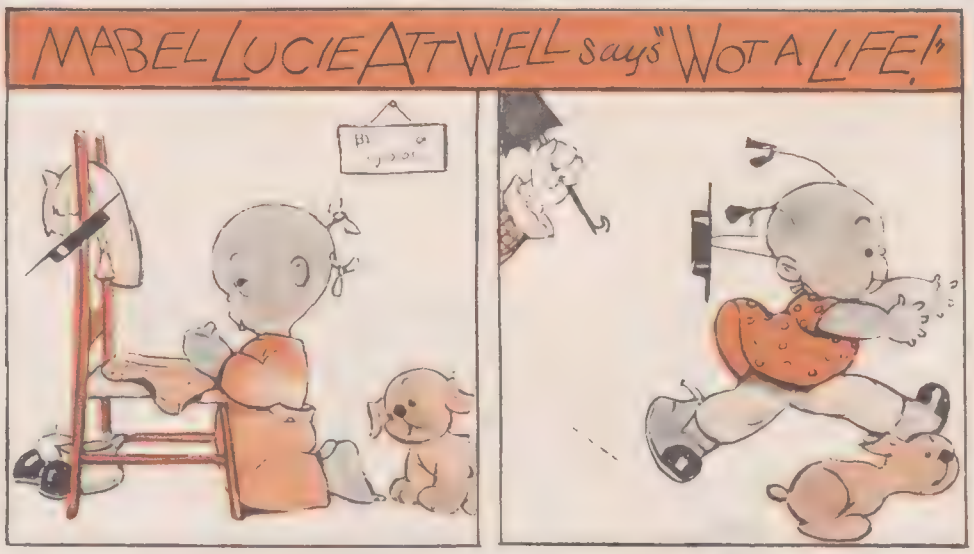


"Henry, just come down here a minute. I believe I have found a gold-mine."
Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

"Maria, how often must I ask you to get up earlier to have breakfast ready?"
"Another 15 times, ma'am. I am leaving on the first."
Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.

CHIP





I says me prayers that I may get
All good——they aint been answered yet!
A problem picture—wots that there she has done 'ere?

Modern Street Singer.

OLD BILL and BERT

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

One-Way Glass

A. P. Luscombe-Whyte describes the scientist's latest gift—one-way glass that baffles prying eyes and takes the dazzle out of headlamps.

Your headlights will brilliantly illumine the road, and yet you will not see those of an oncoming car. " . . . the end of the headlight dazzle."

IN a 30th-storey New York office a young man was talking to a group of men clustered round an open window. . . . "A century ago, the experiment we are just going to show you would have been regarded as black magic," he was saying, "and its inventor would have been credited with the secret of the Cloak of Invisibility. Actually, of course, it is the result of many years of painstaking scientific research. Now, I want you to look carefully at the people behind the window of that office just across the 'well.' Now, if you would just avert your eyes as I close our window. So. Look out again, gentlemen. . . ."

The murmur of astonishment that went up from his listeners was justified. At first everything looked the same through the closed window, the vast expanse of windowed wall, the narrow ribbon of street far below, but the focus of their attention—the brightly-lit room opposite—had vanished. In its place was a rectangle of black, as opaque as though a velvet curtain had been drawn across the opening. Before they could make any comment, the 'phone bell rang and the young demonstrator lifted the receiver and spoke.

"They were calling us from across the way," he announced with a smile. "They say that they can see out perfectly, but that our window is completely blank—just a dark space. . . . Rather remarkable?"

As they moved away from the window to a table on which drinks were set, one of the company, a newspaper man, brightened visibly. "I guess it's really what you would call 'one-way glass,'" he said. "Let's light through one way, and not the other. Is that the idea?"

The young man nodded. "A good description, really, though we call it polarising glass. The principle is quite simple really, though its commercial application is the biggest thing since glass itself was invented.

"As you know, light is made up of vibrations—waves moving backwards and forwards in every direction. Well, this glass is a sort of filter, or comb. It untangles all the light waves passing through it and makes them move in one direction only. . . ."

He picked up two sheets of glass. "Now, when I hold this one upright to the light it combs out the waves so that they move only 'up and down,' as it were. While this one, if I hold it so, lets only 'backwards and forwards' waves through. The result is that, though each one looks quite transparent by itself, when I place them together, like this, they let no light through at all."

He held the two plates so that they overlapped slightly. The overlapping section was as opaque as a sheet of lead.

"But that's miraculous," said one man, an automobile expert. "It would mean the end of headlight dazzle. . . ."

"That's just what it will mean," smiled the young man. "Come into the next room, gentlemen."

The demonstration room was bare, but for two sets of apparatus. At one end were placed two ordinary-looking motor car headlights. At the other, mounted at eye level on a stand, was a windscreen. The demonstrator pushed the screen to one side, extinguished the room lighting and switched on the headlights. His audience blinked as the glare hit them. Details of the room vanished in the blaze.

"That's what happens when you meet powerful headlights at night. You can't see a thing else. Now, I want you gentlemen to step one by one behind this screen here. Rather different, isn't it?"

The transparent glass screen seemed to mop up the glare as blotting paper absorbs ink. All that the audience could see through it were two faintly-glowing blobs of purple. When the demonstrator switched on a headlight pointing at the other two, every detail of the room was brilliantly illuminated.

"Yes, it's the end of dazzle," said the demonstrator, "and the beginning of a great many more things. It's just going to revolutionise the whole science of optics, as we know it. Now, if any of you gentlemen would care for a drink . . .?"

All this took place in New York City a few months ago, but to start the story of the world's most wonderful glass, you must go back ten years, to the time when fifteen-year-old American schoolboy Edwin H. Land began to realise the possibilities of polarised light. At that time it was possible to "comb out" the light rays only by passing them through certain rare and expensive crystals. Young Land believed he could find another way of doing the same job, and one that would one day bring him fame and fortune. He sacrificed money, college career, leisure and years to his idea. A few months ago he succeeded.

He found a means of impregnating a thin sheet of transparent, celluloid-like material with millions of microscopic and invisible crystals, so that each crystal pointed the same way. This he sandwiched between two thin layers of glass.

One of the first applications of his new material which occurred to young Land was the dazzle-proof automobile. Within a few years it could be made to solve a problem that had puzzled experts for three decades, and taken a vast toll of human life.

Land made two sets of windscreens, and two sets of headlamp covers with his new glass, so cutting it that the "angle" of the filtered light waves would be on a slant from bottom-left to top-right. He fitted the new lamps and screens and took a drive. He could see perfectly, for the light of his own lamps was in the same plane as that which his windscreens would pass.

He then fitted up a new car with similar apparatus and had a friend drive it towards him with the lamps glaring full on. The result was astounding. As the two cars passed one another at speed, neither driver was even conscious that his co-experimenter's lamps were lit. His own lights brilliantly illuminated the road. Of dazzle there was no trace.

After the first dramatic demonstrations of Land's invention, industry began to take interest. This new product, they said, had nearly 1,000 immediate commercial applications that would stimulate a huge replacement programme in dozens of different industries. They set to work.

One of the first was in stereoscopic cinema films. For years the film experts had sought for the perfect "three dimensional" film, which would give the audience the illusion of watching an actual solid scene, with depth and perspective. Polarising glass made it possible.

Hundreds of other uses have been found for it. A big camera company is making lenses that suppress all dazzle and take vastly superior photographs. Picture galleries are lighting their paintings with polarised light and abolishing the "dazzle" on the glass frames. Spectacle makers, manufacturers of microscopes and telescopes, shop-window factories, architects, advertising experts . . . all are finding revolutionary uses for the new product. Polarised glass is going to change your life quite a lot, so think sometimes of a young man who sacrificed everything to an idea.

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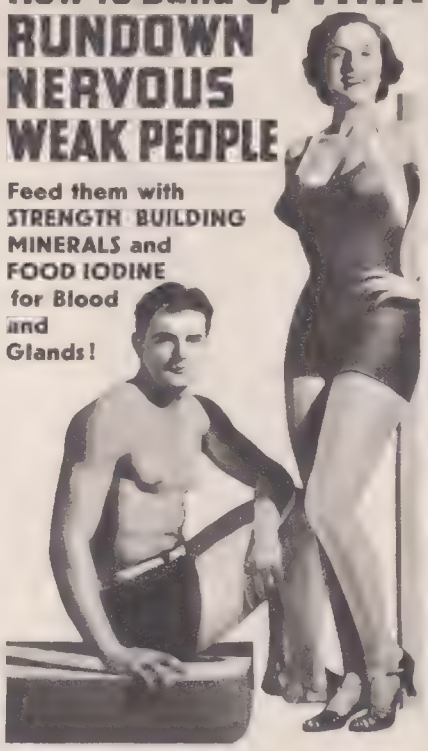

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The Legacy *Murders*

● READ THIS FIRST

Valerie Beauchamp, best-seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she had been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that one of her readers had fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics read her passionate love letters, her will shows she has left £200 a year to each of them—Councillor Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, who was the bogus lover, Frederick Reeves, Adelaide Tring, Naomi Garnett, and Cyril Sidebotham—and, if any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others. The spotlight of the story moves to Marseilles, where a strange little man is furtively buying arsenic and a revolver; then Adelaide Tring is poisoned. Lavinia Brown, companion to the murdered novelist, goes to Scotland Yard to say she has noticed footprints leading from the greenhouse where Dr. Reeves keeps his drugs to Adelaide Tring's home. She accuses the doctor's son, Fred, a beneficiary under the will of being the murderer, and adds, "They will all die." Inspector Martin and Sergeant Wilks of Scotland Yard go to the Reeves' home to investigate.

INSPECTOR Martin studied the footprint, brushing away the petals. The impression was fairly clear in the soft mould. The shoe or boot had carried a rubber sole and there was a pattern of small studs—evidently a golf shoe, just the sort of shoe Freddy Reeves might have worn.

"Hullo," came a voice.

Martin rose to his feet. Freddy Reeves was coming towards him from the glass door of the greenhouse. He was in plus fours and wearing an old school tie, but Martin's eyes went instantly to his shoes. They were of brown leather with a pattern upon them and they appeared to be soled with black rubber.

"If it's roses you want," began Freddy jauntily, "I'm sure my mother will be delighted to let you have some. But you seem to have missed the way to the front door."

"Sorry," said Martin. "I'm having a look round."

"So I see," said Freddy.

"Going off for a round of golf?" continued Martin affably.

Freddy Reeves nodded shortly and skirting the flower-bed, came to a halt, beside the inspector.

"It's a fine day for golf," observed Martin. "I could do with a round myself."

Freddy Reeves stared at him with a supercilious air.

"Didn't know you played golf, Inspector."

"Quite often when I was at Oxford. Not much time for it now."

"Oxford?" echoed Freddy Reeves, and his tone demanded what on earth a policeman might have been doing at that high seat of learning.

"At Frillers," said Martin shortly. "And I've always been interested in butterflies," he added suddenly. "Isn't that a Red Admiral?"

He started forward as he spoke, bumping against Freddy Reeves who stepped back, putting one foot on the mould of the flower-bed.

"So sorry," said Martin.

Freddy Reeves, having regained his balance, moved away a pace or two. He was looking at the inspector in astonishment.

"Well," he said at last, "I must toddle now. I am late as it is. You will just about catch my father, if you want to see *him*, but you had better look sharp, as he will be off on his afternoon round in a minute."

Martin did not answer. He was looking at the new foot-mark in the mould of the flower-bed. It was identical with the print which he had been examining a few moments before.

"One moment, Mr. Reeves,' he said, and his tone was now official. "I may have a few questions to put to you."

Freddy Reeves, pausing in his walk, turned quickly. His face expressed annoyance, but his eyes, Martin noted, flickered uneasily.

"I won't detain you long," continued Martin, "and that car of yours will get you where you are going quicker than most."

"Is this a plot to induce me to exceed the thirty-mile limit in a built-up area?" said Freddy Reeves, but even a blind man could see that his smile was forced, and Martin, ignoring the remark, pulled from his pocket a note-book and began flicking the pages.

"On the morning of Miss Tring's death," he said, "you made a statement to the effect that you were in bed and sleeping until half-past eight, Mr. Reeves."

"That is so."

Was it his imagination or was Frederick Reeves a shade paler than before?

"Would you like to qualify that statement in any way, Mr. Reeves?"

"In what way, Inspector?"

"I leave that entirely to you," said Martin.

Freddy Reeves was standing now beside the flower-bed and he was looking down at the foot-print in the mould.

"By George, Inspector," he exclaimed. "So that's what you meant about being keen on butterflies."

"You will observe," said Martin, dropping the mask, "that the two prints are identical, Mr. Reeves. But they were not made simultaneously. The near one was made a moment ago. Would you care to tell me, perhaps, when you made the other?"

Freddy Reeves hesitated.

"Well, I suppose I'd better come clean, as they say in the movies. That other print is mine, but I'm afraid it won't lead you very far. However, Inspector, here goes. It is quite true that I was in bed at half-past eight that morning, but it is also true that at about six or a little before I was out and about."

"Indeed?"

"I went to meet Miss Garnett. We had arranged to go bathing. We often do. Over at Willowmere, you know."

Martin nodded.

"We keep quiet about these early morning doings," continued Freddy. "Her people are old-fashioned. They wouldn't approve. So naturally . . ."

He paused.

"So naturally you felt bound to make a false statement to the police?"

"Well, I suppose that's how you see it, Inspector."

"Please continue," said Martin.

"I slipped out by the greenhouse door and, being a little late, took a short cut across the lawn," Freddy resumed.

"I am to understand, then," said Martin, "that you and Miss Garnett had your bathe at about 6.30 and that you then returned to the house."

Freddy Reeves shook his head.

"No, Inspector. That's just the point. I waited for Miss Garnett, but she never turned up."

"Can you tell me, perhaps, why Miss Garnett failed to keep her appointment?"

"She told me later in the day that she had overslept herself."

"Don't you think it would have been wiser to tell me this before?"

"I was most anxious not to compromise Miss Garnett in any way."

"Was that the only reason?"

Freddy Reeves looked uneasily about him.

"I waited, as I said, for Miss Garnett. When she didn't turn up, I went straight back to bed. When I came down to breakfast about an hour or so later, I found that my father had received an urgent call and, when he came back to the house, he told me what had happened."

"He told you that Miss Tring was dead?"

Freddy nodded.

"And that poisoning was suspected?"

"He told me everything."

"That the milk had been sent for analysis?"

by FRANCIS BEEDING

"I have no time for all that, father. I want to do something. I want to make amends."

"Just so, Inspector. Naturally I was scared. I realised at once that as a person who stood to benefit by her death, you would be bound to inquire into my movements. I also realised that once you got on to me, I should find myself in an awkward fix. I had actually walked past her house that very morning. I had even seen the bottle of milk standing at her door. Worst of all, I hadn't met a soul from the moment I left the bathing-pool to the moment of my arrival back at home. I can tell you, Inspector, it gave me a nasty turn to remember that street, with the milk bottle waiting to be taken in. I thought it better to say nothing."

"You are sure that nobody saw you passing the house?"

"Not as far as I know. It was just horribly quiet and deserted—still as death."

He shivered and came to a sudden stop.

"Is that all you have to tell me?"

"That is all, Inspector."

Inspector Martin put away his notebook. Freddy Reeves, he noted, was smiling bleakly. He had the appearance of a man released.

"Thank you, Mr. Reeves," said Martin slowly. "I'm afraid you will be late for your golf, but, as I said before, that's a pretty efficient car of yours. My friend here, Mr. Crosby, by the way, is interested in cars. Would you mind his having a look at it?"

"Not at all, Inspector."

Freddy Reeves walked to the car as Martin turned to Crosby.

"Find out where he bought it and when," he said sharply in an undertone and, turning towards the house, moved slowly across the lawn.

So Frederick Reeves had lied. Not only had he had no alibi for the morning of Adelaide Tring's death, but he had been as good as seen coming from the greenhouse. And in the greenhouse Dr. Reeves kept his drugs.

It was time to have a word with the doctor.

Inspector Martin walked decisively up the garden path and rang the front door bell.

Canon Garnett looked distressfully at his daughter. She was standing in front of him, her face white and her eyes wide. He recognised the symptoms. Naomi, in a crisis, had been like this from a child, and he could never meet his daughter's eye when she was in one of her moods.

"Naomi," he began, and then paused. He had intended to say: "Don't take on so." It was an absurd expression which his own nurse had used far back years ago in the big Victorian house in which he had passed his youth. If he had said it, perhaps she would have laughed—or cried. How eager he was to get in touch with her and give her the comfort of which she stood in need.

"Can't you see how dreadful it all is?"

That was better. She was beginning to speak. Anything was better than silence and that look in her eyes which he found so difficult to face. Why couldn't she cry a little? Women became human when they cried.

"Don't worry, my dear. It will be quite all right."

To anyone else he would have added something about the ways of Providence, but he felt that such professional coin could hardly be offered to his daughter. She read his mind, as she always did and, with a familiar gesture that loosed the curl on her forehead and as quickly swept it back again, she exclaimed:

"Don't talk to me of Providence, father. This is the devil's work."

Canon Garnett sat down on his chair abruptly. What could he say?

She was staring back at him and suddenly her face flushed.

"I ran into that mad woman, Lavinia Brown, this morning. She told me it was a judgment and what she said is true. It all comes of that cruel joke we played on Valerie Beauchamp."

"My dear, you are overwrought," said the Canon.

Goodness, he thought, why must I talk to my own daughter in this helpless fashion?

"My dear," he found himself saying, "you must try to forget what you did to Valerie Beauchamp. I know that you are sincerely sorry for your part in that. To brood upon it is weak and morbid. I find you, my child, full of superstitious terrors. You must try to overcome them. These are natural events. They should be met in a Christian spirit."

She jumped to her feet.

"I have no time for all that, father. I want to do something. I want to make amends."

Canon Garnett looked at his daughter. The tears were already drying on her cheeks.

"What is done," he said, "cannot be undone. I see nothing that can mend matters."

"There is one thing," Naomi interrupted. "I can refuse the money. I can have nothing more to do with the legacy. I will write to the lawyer. I cannot continue to profit by this hideous thing."

The Canon stepped back. He had not thought of this development. It came as rather a shock. He felt for the arm of the chair behind him, pulled it round and sat down.

"Naomi," he said. "I beg of you to be calm, to be sensible. I am frankly surprised at your suggestion. We must think it over. You are at present inclined—forgive me, my dear—to be just a little hysterical. Let us talk this thing out quietly and reasonably."

His daughter had sat down opposite him, rigid and rebellious. Suddenly she leaned forward.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to say? I do not really see what there is to talk about."

The Canon leaned forward and put the tips of his fingers together. He must be careful of his words.

"My dear Naomi, I understand your remorse, but you must not let it control you. It isn't right. If we allowed ourselves to give way to these primitive terrors, my dear, for that is what they are, just blind and primitive terrors, we should soon be afraid to move hand or foot in this world. We should become as the heathen savages who are ruled in all they do by their forebodings and their fear of the powers of evil. Believe me, Naomi, my child, at present you are overcome. Wait awhile and you will see these things in quite a different light."

Naomi looked searchingly at her father.

"It comes to this, doesn't it?" she said bluntly. "You do not want me to refuse the money?"

The Canon flinched from this direct attack.

(*continued on next page*)

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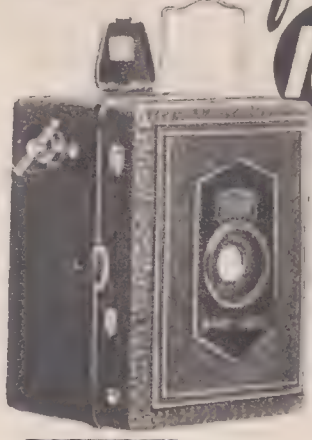

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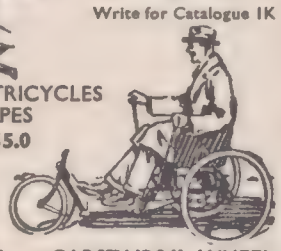

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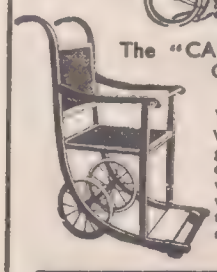

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Continuing

The Legacy Murders

"I mean, my dear Naomi, that you are not at the moment mistress of yourself. You cannot see the situation clearly. You read into these dreadful events more than you should. These two murders are no more than a terrible coincidence. Providence does not act in this melodramatic way."

"What about Lot's wife?"

The words came suddenly. The Canon drew himself up stiffly.

"That," he said, "was the Old Testament."

There was an awkward silence. Naomi was looking at her father in a way he did not like.

"You want me to take the money?" she repeated.

"I want you to face your responsibilities. To refuse a legacy offered to you as a last gesture of good-will by the woman you wronged would not, in my opinion, be right or fitting. Realise, too, if you surrender this money, in what kind of position you place your friends. You have a duty towards them. I must insist, Naomi, that your remorse is blinding you to the facts of the situation and to their real significance. Valerie Beauchamp wished you to take the money. In the confused mind of that unhappy woman, one clear thought was uppermost. She forgave you all and, in token of her forgiveness, she left you this inheritance. The point for you to consider is whether you are prepared to carry out her wishes."

The Canon looked more hopefully at his daughter. He was beginning to be moved by his own words.

For a moment there was silence.

"I see," said Naomi at last.

The silence deepened.

"What is it you see, my child?"

"That I must work this thing out for myself," she said and, suddenly jumping up from the chair, she ran blindly from the room.

Inspector Martin, sitting with Crosby in "The Cat and Fourpence," watched the barman as he placed a brace of foaming tankards on the oak table. It was ten o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, June 6th, the day on which they had interviewed Freddy Reeves in the garden of his father's house.

Martin waited until the man withdrew.

"Now, James," he said, "tell me about the car."

"Bought and paid for. Only yesterday Freddy Reeves gave Morestone Motors Limited a cheque for a hundred and eighty pounds, representing, as they say, the balance due to them."

Martin raised an eyebrow.

"How did he get the money, I wonder?"

"Accommodation from the bank," said Crosby.

He bent forward.

"On the strength of the legacy," he added. "The Bank allowed him a three hundred pound overdraft. I went to see the manager as soon as I had finished with Morestone Motors. It seems Freddy explained to them yesterday afternoon about the thousand pounds he would be receiving as the result of the death of Adelaide Tring. So now he does not owe a penny in the world. I have made sure by telephone of his other creditors—even down to his tailor and his wine people."

"He paid all these accounts yesterday?"

"He did."

Silence fell.

"Well," said Crosby at last. "What do you think of it?"

Martin frowned.

"I don't know," he said. "I have seen Dr. Reeves, but I got nothing out of him that was at all conclusive. He showed me his poison book and stocks. He has 560 grammes of arsenic still in his possession out of an original amount of seven hundred. Every gramme is entered. I should like to impound his reserves all the same. I'm wondering whether those 560 grammes still remaining are altogether pure. It is always possible that young Frederick has mixed something else with it to make up the weight. Either that or the doctor may have made a fictitious entry in his poison book."

"You don't mean . . ." Crosby began.

Martin smiled grimly as he nodded.

"That's just what I do mean. The doctor may be shielding his son."

"What do we do next?" Crosby inquired.

"Watch Freddy Reeves," said Inspector Martin.

◆ ◆ ◆

"By George, Noami, that was good." Freddy Reeves still held her in his arms a moment after the last sound of the fiddles and saxophones had died away. It was the third encore and "Jack Zitter and his Friends" would not play that waltz again.

"Nice tune," said Naomi, looking up at him. "Anybody could dance to it."

"Not as you do," said Freddy, taking her by the arm and leading her to the table.

They were at Foudine's, off the Tottenham Court Road, and Freddy was feeling proud. Perhaps it was the champagne. Perhaps it was Naomi. No, it was quite certainly Naomi. She was looking lovely to-night, he decided, in her flame-coloured taffeta, cut high in front and moulded to her figure. Naomi was the goods. Freddy raised his glass.

"Chin-chin," he said.

Pol Roger '23. It was expensive, but it was the stuff. If you can't get a good year—his father had told him—drink soda-water. Sound advice, and now he could afford to take it.

But he could afford more than a bottle of good champagne. He could afford almost anything he liked. He could, in particular, afford to marry Naomi—especially as she, too, had a legacy.

What were his chances? There was Edward Calcott, of course, but to-night he felt equal to a dozen such. Edward was a poor mutt who spent most of his evenings sitting at home with his tiresome old mother and writing his quite incomprehensible poetry. *Gobbets*. Which was exactly what they were. Freddy had no use for the new poetry. Rhyme, order and measure—that was the sort of thing he liked and tried to achieve. Edward Calcott was asleep by now, for it was one o'clock in the morning. This, then, was the time to steal a march upon him. Now or never.

Freddy leaned across the table and thrust a hand beneath it. It fell on Naomi's knee and he found her hand.

"Naomi," he said, "just listen a minute."

She looked at him a little absently.

"What is it?" she asked indifferently.

"I'm in love with you, Naomi. I'm up to the neck in it."

"Sounds like a hot bath," said Naomi.

"No. Be serious. I'm in love with you—terribly in love. I want to—to marry you. Can't we fix it?"

She was a little pale and not very responsive. She had been bright, almost too bright, most of the evening, but now she was suddenly chilled and that haunted look had come back into her eyes. He felt the need to be lovable and persuasive.

"We could marry quite soon—at once if you would We each of us have two hundred a year for life and a nest-egg of a thousand apiece. I have spent some of mine but not very much. We should not need to worry about kids, not at first. Please, Naomi."

He was surprised by the effect of his eloquence. Naomi had drawn herself up and her eyes were two bright beads of lapis lazuli.

"Freddy," she said, "I don't think we had better discuss this matter further—at least not in the way you have chosen."

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"How else can we discuss it?" he stammered.

Had he been, perhaps, too cold-blooded, too material in his approach?

"I've said that I love you, Naomi. I just mention these other things. One can't marry out of the blue with no thought of the future. All I mean to say is that we have no need to worry. We have four hundred a year between us. I've got another year to run at Oxford but I can come down as soon as I like. I'm doing no good up there and Bill Trevor has as good as promised to take me on in the motor business. I know a lot about motors. Anyhow, we all have to risk something with the world in its present state and we may all be dead in a year or so or fighting for the League of Nations."

He was speaking wildly, he knew, but somehow found himself unable to stem the tide. The silence of Naomi was so disconcerting.

"Naomi," he urged, "won't you take the risk? We're not exactly paupers. Let's get the best out of life while we are still young enough to enjoy it."

"Stop, Freddy, for God's sake!"

The flood, by George, was dammed at last. Dammed. A good word. He stared at her in astonishment. The girl looked as if she were going to have a fit.

"How can you talk to me like that?" she burst out.

"What do you mean?"

"After all that has happened. Anyone would think you were pleased at your good fortune. Two hundred a year. A thousand pounds apiece. What lucky chaps we are! Let's be married and have a good time. I wonder you didn't follow the argument a little further. Someone else may die to-morrow. And that would mean another thousand apiece!"

"Really, Naomi. . . ."

"Stop it, Freddy. I'll get my cloak and meet you in the lobby."

She rose abruptly and started for the door.

"But, Naomi, listen."

"I'm not going to listen. This isn't a subject we can possibly talk about. We just don't see eye to eye over it, Freddy."

She turned upon him a pair of haggard eyes. Her lips were quivering helplessly.

"Don't you see how it is with me, Freddy? I came here to forget. Take me home or I shall go mad and howl."

She moved swiftly from the table, threading her way between the dancers. Freddy gazed after her speechless and then moved in the direction of the cloakroom.

Five minutes later he was at the wheel of his car with Naomi beside him. Neither of them had spoken. He felt that she was now in another world.

"Naomi," he ventured timidly as they breasted the rise of the hill before Highwood.

"Please, Freddy. You are not to refer to the subject again. I will never marry you after this. You have made it quite impossible."

Silence fell again after that and Freddy was alone with his thoughts. His mind was in a state of complete confusion. What had he done? Things had been going so well and now, all at once, he felt like a complete outsider. It wasn't fair. Naomi was overwrought—just a bundle of nerves. She would be sorry for this to-morrow.

The car turned into her road and pulled up just opposite The Rosary. He jumped out and tried to open the door, but she was too quick for him and was already on the pavement.

"What about a morning bathe?" he stammered.

"That would be nice," she said incisively. "It would remind us of the last time we arranged to go bathing together."

He began to follow her.

"No thanks. I have my key. We need not wait. Thank you for the evening. Good night."

He stood at the garden gate and watched her as she walked quickly up the garden path. He saw her open the door. She disappeared.

He turned away and groped for his cigarette case. So that was the end of that.

He got into the car, lit his cigarette and drove away. Evidently he had made a mistake. He had not got the hang of Naomi. But who could help being in love with her? Had she really turned him down—finally and for ever?

He accelerated to fifty. No police about at this hour—two in the morning. No traffic and the acceleration was wonderful, really wonderful.

But there was his father's house with the clump of oaks at the corner. It was a nasty turn and had to be taken at a walking pace.

He jammed on the brakes and crept into the shadow of the oaks.

"One moment, sir."

A dark figure detached itself from the shadow and jumped on to the running-board.

There came a blinding flash and Freddy knew no more.

It was darkness for him—darkness utter and complete.

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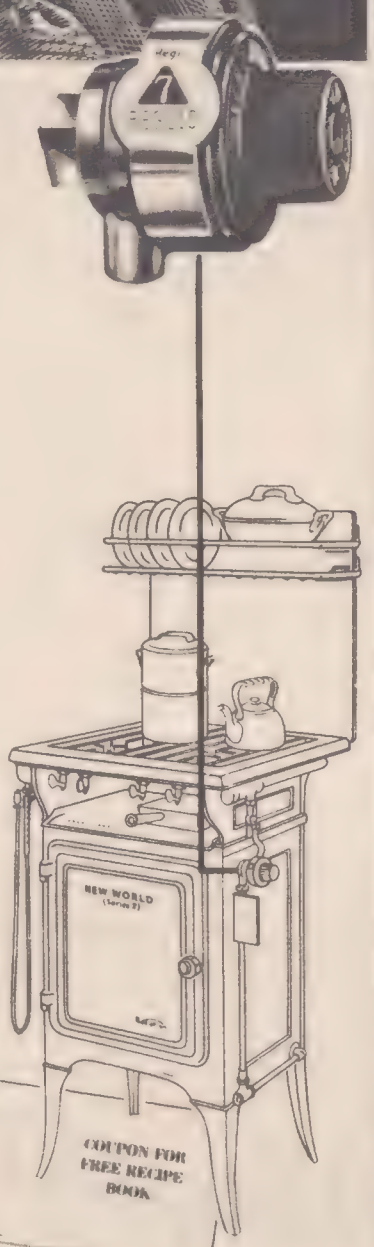

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GIRLS on the

Women athletes will break records during the Women's Amateur Athletic Association Championship meeting at the White City, London, this week-end to the sound of cheers from fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts.

CRACK! The starting pistol shakes everybody to attention; there's a flurry of white legs, thumbs press down the stems of stop-watches and half a dozen young women are streaking for the white tape that quivers in the breeze 250 yards away. Girls in shorts or long flannels buried deep in old white sweaters sit around the starting point tying strips of adhesive tape around their arches to give them extra support.

They look around nervously, all strung up waiting for the word that will set them at the ready for the crack of the gun. Others are skipping, loosening up their muscles and keeping warm; some just stand around smiling at each other, too nervous to talk much. And in the stands wait fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts; these girl athletes are out to make history and their menfolk are watching for thrills.

Way down at the finishing points the girls are coming in from their races wobbly-legged, the sound of their own hearts beating nearly drowning the roar of the excited crowd. They have run their race and they feel better for it. Months, even years of practice at odd times, whenever they could snatch an hour from their work has gone to the creating of the perfection with which they run. Behind each race there is a story of tremendous enthusiasm, fired by one overwhelming desire—to represent England in the Olympic Games.

There are no long hours of practice, special diets and bouts of specialised training for these girls. With rare exceptions, they are at work all day in tiring, monotonous jobs that test their physical endurance, yet they find the energy to travel to sports grounds in the evenings to test their athletic skill. Long journeys and discomforts are accepted as part of the game.

Visit the stadium at Mitcham when the Women's Amateur Athletic Association is holding some of its preliminary trials for the championships and mingle with the girls who are waiting to test their prowess. In a bitter wind a sports stadium is about as draughty as anything you could hope to find—if you go in for collecting draughts—but the girls don't mind. They may pull their overall suits over their shorts just a little quicker as the cold blue begins to spread across their bare legs; they may even run around a little to keep warm between the events: you don't hear them complaining.

Inquiries among the girls as to their hopes and ambitions met with reticent replies; in each case, a girl would insist on talking about a colleague. "Joan is the girl you ought to hear about, she is simply fine"—or some such remark. It was a splendid contradiction to those old fogeys who talk about the cattiness of women, denying that girls have the same team spirit as boys.

Always before these girls is the grand example of Mrs. Muriel Cornell of Mitcham, often described as the world's busiest sportswoman, who, while representing England against Germany at Birmingham six years ago, made the British women's record long jump of nineteen feet two and a half inches. Her training was all done in odd half hours.

Two years ago she sprained her ankle, which is still too stiff for her to continue

WOMAN to WOMAN
by D. M. B. COLLIER

with athletics, yet she has continued her work as Secretary for the Association. A slight, frail looking woman, with a bright smile and an infinite capacity for work, she helps her husband in his business, looks after her five year old daughter and attends to an enormous amount of correspondence, almost entirely unaided.

There is no doubt that younger girls are tremendously influenced by these pioneer amateur athletes, who, even though they now have the cares of married life, still carry on. Abandoning further ambition of personal prowess, they train solely to help the juniors.

Mrs. Littlefair who, as Edith Trickey, broke many records, has taken under her wing two promising juniors, sixteen-year-old Dorothy Camp and D. Minness, who finished third in a recent 100 yards trial to Miss Hiscock, the famous champion sprinter. And in her spare moments Mrs. Littlefair has taken up walking and throwing the discus.

She has an apt pupil in D. Minness for at sixteen this girl is a fine sprinter. A member of London Olympiades Athletic Club she thinks nothing of travelling from Walthamstow, where she lives to Battersea Park to practise.

An energetic Olympiade is Miss Fawcett. Although she has competed in International Events six or seven times during her career as a business girl, she has had to do all her training on Sunday mornings and in the evenings. Instead of slackening her activities now she is engaged to be married, she is practising throwing the javelin and putting the shot.

Now meet Betty Lock, England's youngest international sports girl. She was only fifteen (the earliest age at which she could become eligible) when she entered for the International trials at Mitcham Stadium in May. She has been National Schools Champion three times and makes no secret of her wish to become world champion, though she admitted that she would feel nervous when competing among all the champions.

"I simply love running," she told me.

In winning the 60-metre championship in the International trials she gained an inches victory over D. Saunders, the inter-varsities sprint champion.

Meet another youthful 100-yard sprinter. Irene Bigwood is only fifteen yet she has become a champion at school indoor sports.

After a long journey home from her West End office in the evenings, she has to make another journey to Victoria Park for track running practice. Her Sunday mornings are spent on another track at Dagenham.

Nineteen-year-old Miss Proctor works at a typewriter all day. She is slight, not at all athletic in appearance, yet she competed in the Empire Games with great success two years ago and can hurdle as well as she can sprint 100 yards.

Then there is Miss Matthews, who is typical of these spare-time champions. "I am no good at sprinting," she says, "but I have been in my club two seasons and simply love hurdling. Although I have done well, I have not much style. I am just up and over—and there you are." "Aren't you tired after a long day's work?" I asked her.

"Of course, I am tired," she admitted, "but not tired of moving. My work becomes a little monotonous, you know, and an hour's hurdling takes your mind off it. Any kind of sport would be welcome after a day at a machine."

Of course, all these girls have to make sacrifices for their sport. To keep fit they must give up a lot of things they would like to do. Even their friends have to be sacrificed to their track work.

Miss Farrington's sweetheart has to be content that his "walking out" should consist of walking round sports tracks while she is practising. Miss Farrington holds the All England long-jump record for a junior. When only fourteen years old she jumped 16½ feet, and now at seventeen she has taken up both discus and javelin throwing with great success.

K. Tiffen is yet another business girl who has hardly any time at all in which to practise, yet she has even been to Brussels and Prague to win her victories.

When you see the way these girl athletes hero-worship the older members of their clubs, you realise why they are so keen.

There is Violet Webb, with her pretty face, dark curly hair and slim figure, who first represented Britain in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932, and still holds the hurdling championship for the Southern Counties Women's Athletic Association.

For years her days have been spent in the toy department of an Oxford Street store; all her evenings have been spent practising on the track. If you ask her whether she has any idea of giving up, she will say: "Certainly not. I hope I can keep it up until I am quite old."

Nellie Halstead, another famous Olympic sprinter, is a Manchester girl who works hard all day in a brewery. Her holidays are chiefly spent on sports tracks and she loves it; no sacrifice is too great for sport, she thinks, and her views are shared by her sister, who is a javelin thrower and works in a calico-printing mill.

Olive Moore, another Lancashire sprinting "hope," is employed in a sewing room. "Sprinting," she says, "is the finest relief one can have from long, long seams—a long, long track of a different kind."

They are all willing slaves to the crack of the starting pistol. They love the thrills of the race-track; they are spare-time champions to whom life offers lots of opportunities—at a price.

RUN

Miss Fawcett also throws the discus

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● "Good old Turk" they cheered.

SHORT STORY

by

Stephen BLACK

'PHONE MAGIC

OF all the islands of Scilly which are lived on, St. James is the most lonely and the least inhabited. It lies out in the Atlantic, a sparsely covered strip of rock, far away from the larger islands of Tresco and St. Mary's. The people who live there are of two families, the Hicks and the Turk-Hicks —the latter being descended from the dark-skinned children of the invading Ottomans of long ago.

Harry Hicks was a "Turk," and he was proud of his black hair and sallow skin. At seventy his teeth were as white as new ivory, and his face, though lined and weather-beaten, was as strong and set as it had been forty years before.

The intricate family relations of the Hicks are hard to describe, and harder still to understand. But Harry had had six sons and one daughter. His wife had died when the old man was fifty. At sixty there came the day when his daughter was married—and even that seemed years ago now—years before his sons began to leave him one by one. Each had found his work elsewhere, had married and had gone away to St. Mary's and Tresco, or to the mysteries of Cornwall, which Harry had never seen.

He was sixty-eight when he began to live alone—alone with his youngest son, Jim. Jim, who would stay with him to the end. It was curious that he had always cared for Jim more than for the others—the boy had been "Dad's Jimmy" in the days before the lighthouse was rebuilt for the last time, twenty-five years ago now—and now the lad was thirty.

Jim Hicks was a giant of sun-tanned strength. He rowed stroke in the pilot boat, which raced out from St. James every time a ship hove to in the bay—raced out against St. Mary's motor launch, and often as not, got there first. Jim grew the early potatoes for his father, and ran the flower business. He was lord of the island, and keenly conscious of his position. Jim Hicks was good-natured and kind.

To hear any news on St. James, you went along the rocky tracks which served for roads, and found your way to the "George." Here you would buy drinks and listen to the wireless and talk to Dan Hicks, the landlord; play darts or take a hand at cards. There was always plenty to do at the "George." And if you had bad news of the flower business, it could be washed away with a pint or two.

That was the custom—drinks all round if someone's potatoes were blighted, or the wind had laid their tulips low, or taken the blooms from their daffodils. Drinks all round—and the unlucky man was never allowed to pay.

And when old Harry turned up four times a week, his cousin, the landlord, would treat him to the first pint—but he had to pay for the rest, unless of course, he had bad news to tell. So it was always pleasant at the "George"—and no news was bad enough to be remembered after four of the best

That was how things were before they laid the cable to the island. Before the Telephone came.

Of course, it had been talked about for years beforehand; the telephone, better than the wireless, they said. You could speak to your relations on the other islands, ask for things to be sent over from St. Mary's—there were a hundred and one advantages.

Old Harry watched them lay the cable, and criticised the manoeuvres of the post-office boat in the rocky bay. He said it would take them twenty years to lay the cable there, but they did it in as many weeks. The coastguards were the first to ring through from St. Mary's. They had the telephone on the quay and everyone on the island went down to look at them.

Harry Hicks first became excited when they planted the posts with the white non-conductors on the track from the shore to the inn. Something in the black, tarred poles thrilled him, and he told his son about it.

"Shall us have telephone?" he asked as a hint.

There was silence in the autumn air of the garden. Then Jim, who was digging in the beds, stopped and looked at the old man.

"If you want it, Dad," he said, and the matter was settled. With three extra poles, they brought the wires to Turk Hicks' house.

At first Harry did not dare to use the black receiver and jumped every time the bell was rung, to be answered by his son. It was made use of very little. Often for weeks it lay there, black and curious looking, but silent and untouched. Jim was at home, planting, and the telephone was not required. Sometimes he gave a friendly ring to the inn—to save walking down to hear the news, and Dan was always ready for a chat.

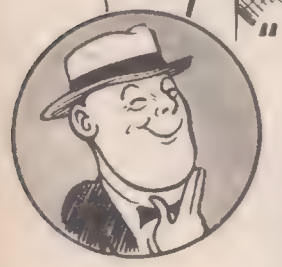
But as the weeks passed, the old man grew accustomed to the black thing in the passage.

And one day, while Jim was out, he lifted the receiver and looked fearfully into the transmitter. But that was all. Six weeks later he put it to his ear, to hear Dan's voice chuckling at him from the "George." But he made Jim stand beside him all the time.

One bleak winter's day when quite alone, the old man rang up. In trembling tones he gave the number of the inn, and waited for his cousin's voice. But the boy who worked there answered him, and he hung up before two words were spoken. It was a week after that that he really spoke alone to Dan. He chuckled to himself the whole evening through—pleased with his own cleverness. Excited, he told Jim the tale, and his son praised him as one might praise a child.

But always he feared to talk across the water to his married sons at St. Mary's. The idea of the wire under the sea frightened him. "It's risky, Jim," he would say. "Risky. I ain't doing it." And even when the younger man explained that he spoke across the water every time he heard the voice of the operator, he only replied:

(*continued on page* 30)



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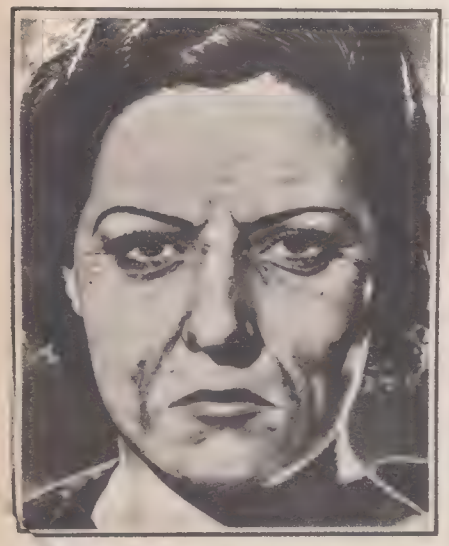

A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only has the *cause* of wrinkles been found, *but how they may be removed.* Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth unwrinkled skin of youth.

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Passing Show July 18, 1936 .....

Metropolitan College of Journalism Dept. J3 ST. ALBANS

Continuing 'PHONE MAGIC

"It's risky—it can't be done."

And Jim would laugh it all away.

In March in the Scillies the west wind turns the ocean into a fury of heaving seas and white breakers. The foam from the sea blows over the island, filling the hollows in the rocks and lying waist-deep on the shore. It is then that all communications are cut off between St. Mary's and Tresco, or between St. James and the rest of the world. It is then that the telephone is a godsend.

Old Harry had learnt to use the 'phone by now. He would frequently ring up Dan Hicks at the "George," and often his sons with the families in St. Mary's and Tresco. Often, too, during the day, the bell would ring, and he would answer it, if Jim was out. The island was 'phone-minded at last. And then the trouble began.

To Harry Hicks bad news had always been an excuse for three pints at the "George," and perhaps a blissful forgetfulness which left him, it is true, with a headache the next day. But in spite of the headache, bad news was somehow worth having, and it was the 'phone that began to change it.

It happened first when the boat they had bought the year before was left, during the storms of March, on the beach—too near to the tide. The waves came in, in the night, and smashed the bottom out on the rocks, and the fifty pounds which Jim had saved were lost. Harry heard the news on the 'phone, and swore in the little dim passage where the instrument was fixed to the wall.

He put down the receiver and paced up and down. It seemed to worry him more than it ought—and he worried as to why he was so worried. So the time passed until Jim came back from collecting the timber of the broken boat from the waves.

"Don't worry, Dad," said Jim, but Harry Hicks took it bad, as his son told the rest of the island.

In April the leaves of the potatoes in their patch of ground on the other side of the island were stripped by a sudden storm of hail. The potatoes were doomed—the Hicks' capital was lost in ten minutes of a storm that beat down with such violence that even panes in the greenhouses were broken, and the tomato plants spoilt. In ten minutes it was all over; and in fifteen Harry had heard the news by 'phone.

Jim rang off at the quay from where he was speaking. At the other end of the wire old Harry stood looking hard at the instrument, the receiver still in his hand.

"I believe it's this durned thing that's done it all," he said. "The thing's a nuisance."

Terrified, the old man hung up the receiver. He went back to his fire.

"Things were different, afore," he mumbled, poking vigorously at the glowing coals. "Things were different before that damned thing came." And he swore to himself sadly.

Of course, it was not always bad news that came over the wire. He heard from Dan on the 'phone of the money his son had made in the pilot boat. He heard of the good sale of flowers at St. Mary's and of the potatoes in Penzance. He heard of a salvage job that Jim had got out in the bay. Things were not always so bad. But old Harry, at seventy, noted the bad times in his brain and forgot the good ones. At seventy-one he began to grow bitter.

Jim had got a salvage job out on a rock some thirteen miles away. They were fetching up an old sailing boat loaded with copper. It had been driven there in a storm, and had foundered with all hands. It was anybody's for the salving and Jim took the job on. It was July, calm and safe, and there was money to be made.

That evening it seemed to old Harry in the little garden that the air was too heavy to breathe. It seemed that it was too hot to get up and go to bed—to do anything at all. He knew a storm was coming, and thought often of Jim out in the salvage boat with the other man. But Jim would look after himself all right....

At half-past twelve the storm began. The thunder burst upon the island like the sound of shell-fire, and the wind tore in great gusts, hard as walls of water, at the roofs and windows. Between the gusts it wailed in agonised tones through the trees and past the corners of the cottages. And every now and then old Harry heard the glass-houses breaking, and saw in his mind the ruined crops of tomatoes. And as the storm raged he thought often of Jim out there at the wreck, and of the danger he was in.

Old Harry prayed for Jim when the rain began to fall. His nerves gave way under the strain of the crashing thunder, and the vividness of the lightning. He became frightened—terrified. And he cried out for Jim. He shuddered as the wind howled and shook the little house.

He heard the tiles go crashing from the roof, and at last the rain began to drip upon the floor, in a steady, measured flow. Its evenness maddened him! He was standing upon the linoleum in his nightshirt, swearing, when the telephone bell rang.

Down the steep, uncarpeted stairs he stumbled, terrified by the vividness of the lightning in the darkness. He lifted the receiver; a terrific crash shook the whole house, and a voice was asking:

"Harry, is that you?" and he knew Dan was speaking. He knew what had happened before his cousin spoke. ". Jim was lost—out there, Harry—they went out in the Mary's lifeboat, but they'd all gone—salvage boat and all."

For a moment only the wind howled, and then the voice sounded again.

"I'll come round, and——"

There was a grating, cracking sound in the receiver, and then silence—a curious deadness. Somewhere between the "George" and old Turk Hicks' place the wire was down.

Old Harry stood in the passage, and swore. The wind shrieked in triumph at the door, and the old man shivered in his thin nightshirt. Suddenly he cried out above the thunder and the wind.

"The telephone done it all—you did it!" He held the receiver in his clenched and trembling hand. . . .

"You did it, you blasted black thing—you did it! . . . You killed my Jim, my lovely lad—'Dad's Jimmy'!"

The wind rose in a crescendo to a howl, and outside the roof of one of the glass-houses in the little wind-stripped garden was lifted in the air, and hurled against the door of the cottage. Inside the darkened passage the old man lay in a faint upon the floor. Water was dripping from the ceiling. So Dan Hicks found him, cold and unconscious; wet and blue at the lips. Old Turk had taken it bad, they said.

The storm passed, and the sky cleared to a serene blue. Up and down the island the glass in the houses was renewed, and the crops inspected. Dan cared for old Turk while he lay in bed and moaned for Jim. So the days passed.

Harry was better in a shorter time than seemed possible. In five days he was once more on his feet—in six, Dan went back to the "George," and Harry mumbled for Jim in the silence. They were sad and lonely days.

But on the eighth day, late in the evening, when the sky was clear with a thousand stars, and old Harry lay watching them, trying to see his Jim's face peeping through, the telephone rang again, clear and sharp in the still air, and Harry shivered. He did not move, but he lay thinking. What would he do now? It rang three times sharply, and then twice in long-drawn, irritating jangles; still old Harry lay there, looking up at the stars in the sky.

But suddenly as the bell began another series of screams, he leapt with the agility of youth, to his feet, and rushing to the instrument, held out his hands—before it.

"You blasted thing—no more you'll do it to me!" he shrieked in madness. "No more!"

He took it in both hands and, wrenching it from the wall, sent it crashing to the ground. . . .

Quiet and collected, Harry Turk took his hat and coat from the peg. Solemnly he stumped off to the "George" to tell them there what he had done. He planned a little speech as he went—"I broke the blasted thing that brought me all the bad luck—pulled it right away, and broke it. . . ." He was almost cheerful now.

He came round a bend in the road—there was the "George," crowded and lighted. He reached the door and went into the smoky bar—all eyes were turned on him.

"Good old Turk!" they cheered.

The landlord came in from the room behind the bar.

"Come on in, Harry," he said. He put his hand to his mouth. "He's sleeping now, but you can have a look at him if you like."

"Who?" snapped old Hicks. "Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Jim! They've 'phoned you, haven't they? They said they'd 'phone you."

Dan looked puzzled.

"Why, haven't you heard, then? Didn't you know? They found him out there on Devil's Rock—safe as houses, but cold and hungry. They had water, you know, from the boat."

"Found, my Jim found? . . . Oh, God!"

Old Turk stood swaying against the bar. He was very pale and he was gasping for breath.

"Found and safe! Oh, 'Dad's Jimmy' safe—it's—it's that telephone—I broke it, you see——"

He grew excited and waved his arms about.

"I smashed it up, and now—now my Jim's come home. I'll have the thing in the house no more—no more, I say——"

He paused and there was silence in the dusky, smoky room. Harry pulled himself together.

"Let's have a look at the boy, Dan," he said.

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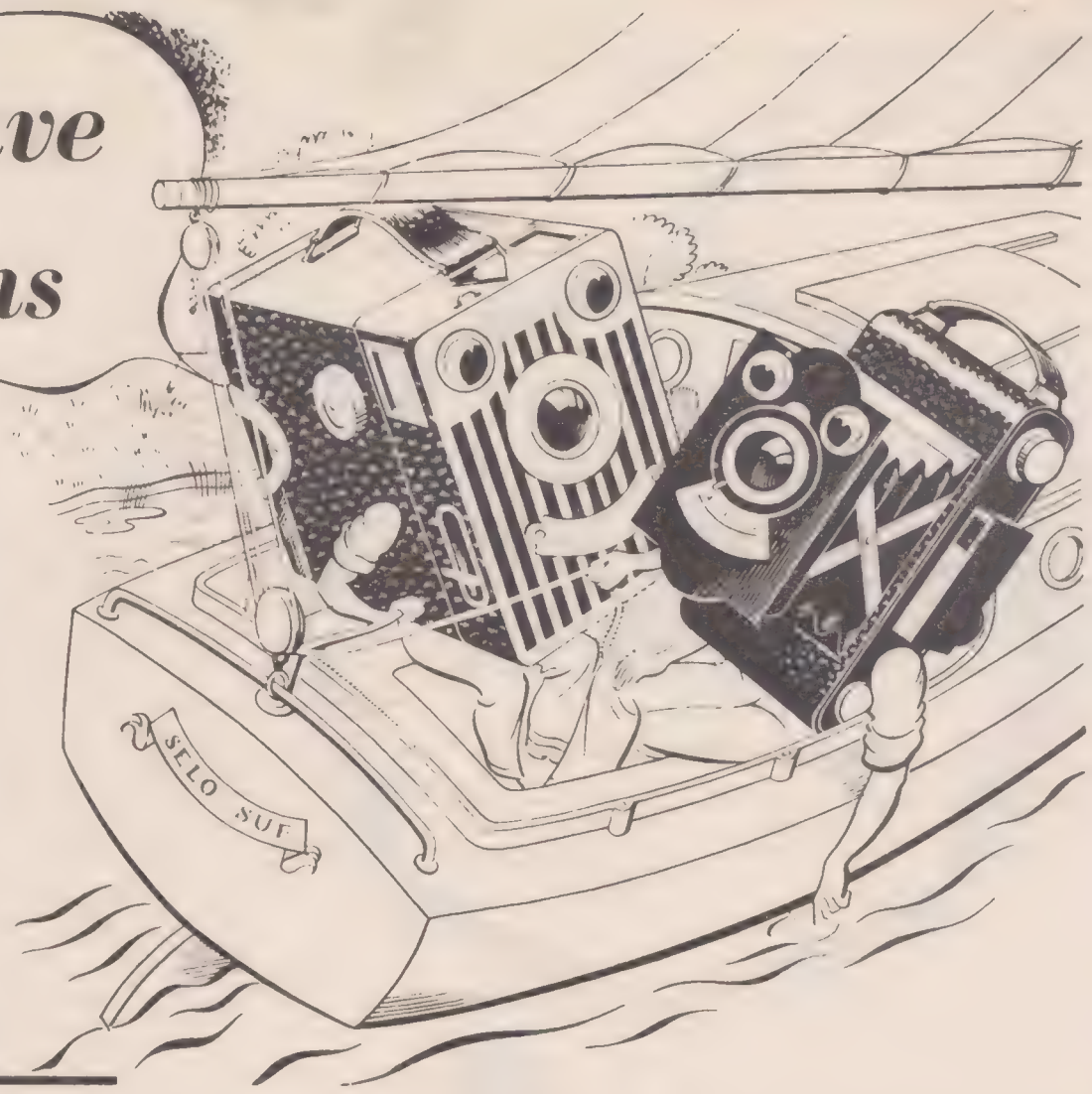

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Personal

I LEFT a good job in England to join my friend Jim Carter in Canada. We had been mates since childhood days, had grown up together, shared each other's secrets. But, on attaining the age of twenty-five, he decided to go abroad and fend for himself, so I was left to my own resources. We corresponded regularly and judging by his letters, he was doing well; working in a meat packing company, and earning good money. Then came a letter with some real news. He had married a Scots girl and enclosed in the letter was a snapshot of both standing in the doorway of their little flat.

Some time later he wrote to tell me that he had been promoted and was now earning almost double his old salary. New branches were being opened up, and they required highly efficient clerical workers. "Why don't you come out?" he wrote. "You are sure of a good job with my firm, and I can board you until you get properly settled."

I could rely on Jim's word, so I handed in my resignation, packed my trunk, and hit the trail for Canada.

Three years in Canada had changed Jim considerably. He had grown much heftier since that day we had parted, and most of his old gaiety of manner had left him. His own smiling countenance now carried a serious expression, and he seemed to feel the responsibility of his position. His wife was a pretty, slim brunette, with large smiling brown eyes and a manner that made one feel at ease right away.

Without delay Jim accompanied me to Mr. Ferguson, the big man of the firm, and by the way they greeted each other, I knew Jim was someone of importance. I got that job and for the present boarded with Jim and his wife.

I was very happy until the depression struck our employer, and, after a difficult period, the firm went to the wall.

Six months passed and our circumstances went from bad to worse. Our savings were exhausted and, with starvation threatening, something had to be done.

In spite of Jim's pleadings, I told him that I could no longer impose on his good natured hospitality. I made up my mind to hit the trail.

And thus I parted from my friends, Jim and Mary, two of the finest people in existence.

For three cold, bleak and miserable months, I battered around begging from door to door, just one of the hundreds of miserable wretches who haunt Canadian thoroughfares. I slept at nights in farmyards and rose early in the mornings to go plodding on my way, until sometimes I almost dropped in the road from sheer hunger.

After weeks of wandering I met Canzeni, a sly-looking Italian, and "Buggy" Miles, the toughest-looking thing on two feet I've ever encountered. But "Buggy," like most tough guys, could be very tender and sympathetic at times. Late one night I was trudging along a deserted thoroughfare, heading for the farmyards on the outskirts, when, turning a corner, I collided with two dark shapes.

"Where was ya goin', buddy?" asked "Buggy," and his tone was aggressive.

"Any damned place," I slung back at him, not caring whether he took it into his head to beat me up or let me go on my way.

But "Buggy" did neither. He said: "Bad as that, buddy? Where was ya goin', anyhow?" he asked again, and this time his tone was very much different.

"To the fields," I said. "Dead beat—dead broke."

"Yeah? Feelin' hungry, I'll bet."

I nodded.

He looked at the Italian. "Wad ya say we give'm a break, Canzeni?"

Canzeni nodded his head in approval.

"Oke," said "Buggy," tugging at his belt, "you're wid us."

We entered a dim alleyway, which looked so sinister in the pale light of the moon that I began to wish I hadn't come. "Buggy" saw me hesitate and laughed heartily at Canzeni. "Don't go shaky, sonny," he said, "you're in de best o' comp'ny."

We crossed a cobbled courtyard, ascended narrow stone stairs, leading to a little apartment. Canzeni closed the door, and "Buggy" seated me at the table right away.

"In one minit," he said, "you'll be bustin' wid food," and he clapped me on the shoulder.

In quick time "Buggy" had the table prepared, stacked high with steaming food.

I couldn't wait. I dived in like a ravenous wolf, while "Buggy" stood by, shaking his head the while.

TRUE LIFE STORIES

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Column

● He began to explain to me the meaning of those lines.

"Ya musta been mighty hungry, lad, when ya busted in t'us," he said.

There was a sudden rustling behind me. I turned round and saw Canzeni, who had been reading a newspaper.

"A good spot, Bug," he said.

"Wad is?" asked "Buggy."

"The Rolston jewellery place. A cinch."

"I getya," said "Buggy." "When's't t'be?"

"To-morrow night," said Canzeni. "We've waited long enough. The youngster here can be look-out. How about it, young fellow?"

I swallowed a lump of bread. "Sure," I said, not fully realising what I was letting myself in for.

"Okay. Buggy'll give you the low-down."

"Buggy" did give me the low-down, while I sat facing him, smoking one of his cigarettes.

Canzeni and "Buggy" then sat down to the table to feed, and I picked up the paper Canzeni had laid aside. I saw a photograph of a huge building. On its façade were the words: "Rolston Jewellery Company." Part of the street was shown. I saw the corner where I was to wait with the auto, though where the auto was to come from I had no idea. Then I scanned the pages carelessly. A small paragraph in the Personal column caught my eye.

"*Arthur,*" it read, "*come home, job waiting. Jim and Mary.*"

The blood rushed to my head. In a daze I looked at the date on the paper's top, and saw that it was that day's issue.

"Buggy" and Canzeni rose. The table was cleared, a white square of paper now lay upon it, a mass of intricate lines and black squares, circles bearing letters, and a thousand other things that looked to me like some jig-saw puzzle.

Canzeni was the "brains" of the combination. He began to explain to me the meaning of those lines. He pointed out the way of entry and the way of escape. He had the whole affair worked out to the tiniest detail.

"Everything clear?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, thinking of Jim and Mary.

"Okay," said Canzeni. "In the morning you'll shave and clean up. Buggy here'll give you some togs."

In the morning, clad in heavy overcoat and cloth cap, I stood by for inspection.

"Swell," said Canzeni. "We'll take a run later in the auto. I want to see you handle her."

The zero hour was approaching. That tiny paragraph in the previous night's paper kept coming to my mind. *Jim and Mary . . . job waiting. . . .*

I took a bold step. Controlling my voice so as to appear casual, I said: "I'll take a run down to the corner store for the paper and some cigs. Okay?"

The second of silence which followed was like a nightmare to me. Would Canzeni suspect anything?

Canzeni glanced up at me. I looked, apparently quite unconcerned, into his dark penetrating eyes, although my heart was thumping furiously.

"Go ahead," he said, handing me a bill. "Don't be long, though. This is an important day for us."

And so I passed through the door, and out of the lives of both "Buggy" and Canzeni.

I ran like a hare to the station, bought a ticket to where Jim and Mary lived, and leaped into the first empty compartment.

I reached Jim's town, hastened from the station, and some time later was knocking at his door. The reception I received was more than cordial, and Jim gave me the welcome news that our old firm had started again. There were jobs for both of us and gradually, we regained our old happiness.

For the next week I kept careful watch on the papers, for I was eager to know how "Buggy" and Canzeni had fared in their jewel undertaking.

Then one day I saw it.

"Tony Canzeni . . . "Buggy" Miles . . . jewel thieves . . . red-handed capture . . . fourteen years each in the penitentiary! . . ."

But for that lucky Personal advertisement, I might have shared their punishment.

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

by Francis Williams

During the financial crisis in France there were many references in the newspapers to the work of the British Exchange Equalisation Account in preventing the rapid fall in the exchange value of the franc in terms of British pounds.

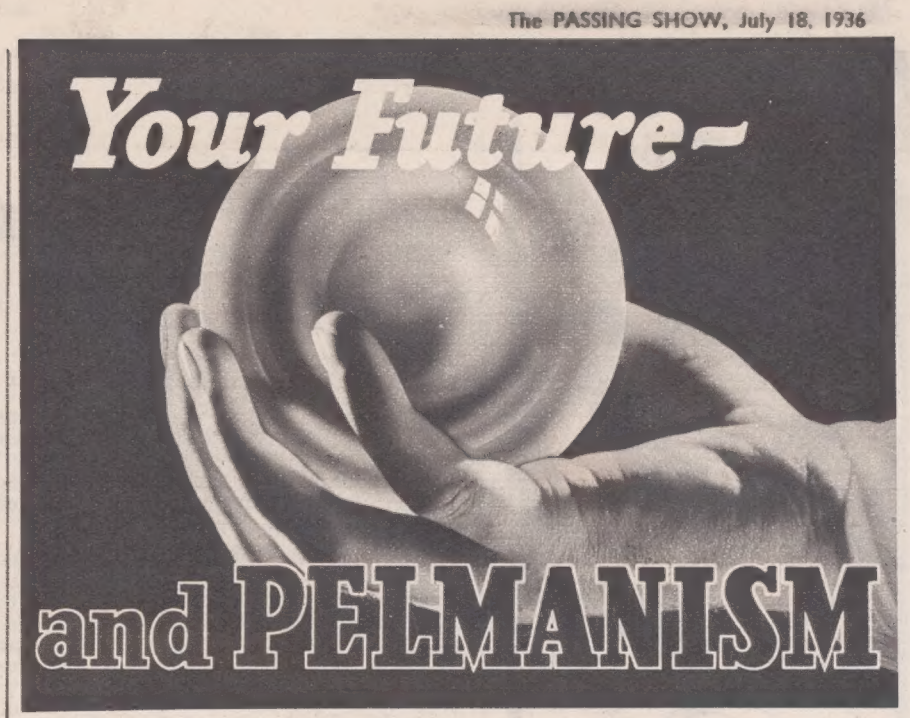
The Exchange account was formed by the Government after we left the Gold Standard to operate in the foreign exchange market to prevent short term fluctuations in the £1's value. It has resources of £375,000,000 which it has received mainly in the form of Treasury Bills, that is short term Government securities such as are in general demand by the banks, the money market, and the big investment interests.

When necessary the account authorities (the Treasury and the Bank of England) sell Treasury Bills and by so doing acquire pounds. In recent operations these pounds have subsequently been sold in exchange for francs, and this operation has prevented either a rapid rise in the £1's value or a fall in the franc's value since it has offset the sale of francs and purchase of pounds by those taking money out of France.

Having acquired francs in this way the account authorities then exchanged those francs for gold at the Bank of France, and after shipping it to London either hold it in reserve for the future or sell it to the Bank of England.

In the latter case they received pounds for the gold, for the Bank of England can increase its note circulation according to the amount of gold it holds.

For advice on current economic problems write to the Economic Advisory Bureau "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.



Your chance may come TO-MORROW

Will you be ready to grasp it? Whether it's the chance of a higher-paid post, or a fuller and freer life in some other direction, will you have the courage and clear-headedness to seize and *use* your chance? Startling though it may sound, even in a crowded world like ours *there are more good jobs looking for good men than good men looking for good jobs.* For so few of us are ready to catch Chance on the wing: we're always waiting for Chance to sit still so that we can put salt on its tail—and Chance is a bird that seldom settles!

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The Pelman "training for successful living" has been proved already—by half a million men and women of every type and calling. It is so clearly explained and carefully graded that anyone can follow it. It is modern psychology made practical. And it demands only half an hour a day, yet it will affect your whole life.

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"A few years ago I took a Course of Pelmanism which made a wonderful change in my life. Soon after, I changed my trade . . . and for the last ten years have nearly doubled my earnings." COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (O.P.)

"I feel mentally braced up and more ready to seize opportunities as they arise." JOINER (P.37124)

IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO!

Post this coupon to-day for the absorbing free 48-page book, "The Science of Success." That will cost you exactly ½d. in postage! Isn't it worth a halfpenny to investigate further what may prove to be a turning point in your whole future?

GET THIS OFF TO-DAY

To the PELMAN INSTITUTE,
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Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of "The Science of Success" and full particulars of the Correspondence Course in Pelmanism.

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4 ***'New Veet'*** avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3d.

RECOVERED FROM ULCERATED STOMACH

Mrs. Norman, of Tolworth, is a happy woman these days, She might well be, after all she has been through. "I feel I must write to you," says Mrs. Norman, "about the way I have recovered from ulcerated stomach and gastric trouble.

"For years I have suffered, tried many things, but nothing relieved the pain. I had a bad attack of gastritis last October, and was very ill. I got my husband to bring me a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to try; after two doses I got relief. Since then I have had a dose before retiring each night, or whenever I feel discomfort. Immediately I feel better. I recommend your powder to all sufferers."

Every form of stomach trouble soon yields to the soothing, healing influence of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Case after case, many of them much worse than your own stomach trouble, have been cured by this powder, which is easily identified by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Its reputation is beyond all comparison with any other powder. 1/3, 2/-, and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

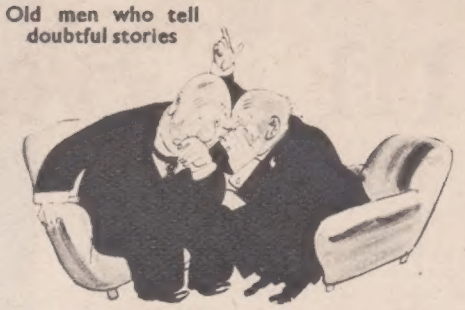
IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for 1/3d. and 3/-.

You're Telling Us!

Old men who tell doubtful stories



SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

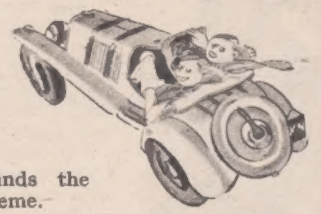
BEFORE we slip into the family four-poster these nights, we ask to be delivered from Yorkshire poets who believe in love, from adenoids, from fat girl cyclists in trousers, from chivalry, from strong, silent men who can't stop talking, from lawyers, from women with green toenails, red fingernails and misplaced eyebrows, from attacks of conscience, from Cheyne Stokes breathing, from hearty old men who will tell doubtful stories to show how young they are, from Wagner, from men of the great wide-open spaces, from golfers, from old ladies who believe in transcendalism and from young men who cultivate fairies at the bottom of other people's gardens.

Yet our postbag invariably contains news of a fairy, seen or conquered; of a Baptist Pastor who is always dreaming he is an Anglican Bishop, of a fond mother who reads the Bible in shorthand because her daughter is a typist; and of a sweet young thing who doesn't know what to do with a two-headed half-crown.

This week's gentleman-with-a-fairy-complex is Graham Williams, who is, incidentally, trying to live down the fact that he lives in Montgomeryshire. "I dare say many of your readers have noticed the recent boom in fairies," he says coyly. "Scores of reliable witnesses have given accounts of their contact with these strange phenomena; every week one hears fresh evidence in favour of their existence. Before long there will be no doubt as to their reality. Fairies are very elusive and are usually of a shy disposition, especially the more attractive. One is allowed only a momentary glimpse, which makes scientific investigation almost impossible. Also, fairies object to having their photographs taken.

"I have seen many fairies of all sorts and sizes. In fact I claim to have seen them driving motor cars, of the small sports variety, and sitting in aeroplanes. They all looked very attractive but in each instance the fairy vanished rapidly, sometimes with a smile of pity, when I approached. This is very discouraging. Often I feel like giving up my task, but just as I am about to abandon the chase another fairy is sure to appear. So I am always on the war-path.

"In case anybody should be inspired to start investigating this peculiar class of phenomena, I offer a little advice. First the beginner should harden himself against disappointment. Secondly, when he (the beginner) finds himself near his object, he should see that his hair is in order, and that his tie is straight. He should then pretend to have seen nothing out of the ordinary. He would do well to assume an heroic countenance, displaying to the best of his ability his muscular physique. . . ." Let there be silence while the piccolo sounds the closing cadence of this tender theme.



. . . seen them driving motor cars

IT DOES US GOOD in our dotage to know that there are still young men in this cynical old world believing in such celestial fauna as fairies. It shows us that despite the process whereby we have rid ourselves of whiskers, elastic side boots, the appendix and hip baths, the old delusions still linger to make men leap and quiver at the sight of sparkling eyes.

It relieves our colleagues of the dreadful task of finding new plots for plays and it brings home to us the fact that we never see fairies not because there are no fairies but because we have, in shuffling around this mortal coil, reached that stage of decay when the very extravagance of our figure sends the local loveliness scurrying for the undergrowth as soon as we appear on the horizon. But then we never could keep a straight tie, and all the primping and the decorating in the world would only add to our burlesque.

So we'll leave Graham to tell you about the fairies, denying all responsibility for what happens. If you do see somebody who is a menace to normal breathing we warn you to call the local gendarme, or else it will be all over with you save the charges of fraud. That's why we hate to hear from men who have found fairies; it's too late then for us to attempt a rescue.

When we have to go to the cinema, either to dodge the income-tax collector or to shelter from the rain, we notice a tendency on the part of the audience to snicker politely as soon as the gentleman on the screen with the top boots and the Liverpool-Irish accent introduces a comely tropical nymph indulging in the tricks of the local beauty trade.

THE WOMAN IN FRONT OF US, possibly in the wrinkled half of life, with glasses and ear-rings and painted fingernails and a frightening array of man-made curls giggles deliriously at beauty unadorned. As she bears a distant likeness to some of the glamorous wenches whose emotional reactions to Clark Gable are analysed by spotlight when travel gives way to drama, we wonder whether black can suppress a snicker when white films eventually penetrate the jungle.

How would a dusky matron, somewhere north of Bang-pla-soi, contentedly sucking a pipe, view a close-up of Greta Garbo and Wallace Beery in mortal combat? And then, as though in answer to our thoughts, comes Santokh Singh "me crankin' in" with a powerful piece about the cinema in Malaya.

"A regular reader of Ipoh, Perak, begs leave to be allowed to tell something of the vogue small, shifting cinemas have set in the country," writes Santokh Singh. "To start with they are just like small circuses. Set in a convenient spot in some small town, they are sometimes capable of drawing goodly crowds of vagrant loafers. The prices are tolerably low. The roofing is a fairly open tent with a wall of cloth around to stop the inquisitive gaze of those who wish to keep their pocket intact.

"At first, if it is a small concern, only silent films are screened, but later as capital increases, 'talking machines' are introduced. The tent is seldom new and if a heavy rain or wind has come on, there is every possibility of spectators getting a drenching, while every moment the tent is in imminent danger of being blown away.

"These little picturehouses are as inconstant as the will o' the wisp and are apt to change abodings at the slightest sign of depression. It is a tedious way of earning one's living because there are times when 'shows' have to be postponed because of heavy rains. It often rains here every evening and the 'show' has to be postponed far into the night. Still, enterprising managers are capable of drawing a fairly good living out of these little 'cinema-palaces.'"

IT IS A PITY that Santokh does not tell us what Perak thinks of the faces that disturb a thousand, thousand permanent waves; of the smiling eyes with false eyelashes that endanger the immortal souls of a million butcher boys; of the tiny moustachios that ruin the beauty sleep of a nation's maidens; and of the language that has "turned English into an American dialect." Perhaps he daren't; perhaps he just doesn't like hurting our feelings.

◆ ◆ ◆

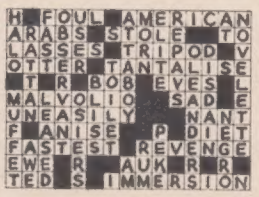
Long complete short story by Edgar Passfield. "Three strong, young girls went for a tramp in a wood . . . the tramp it was who died."

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

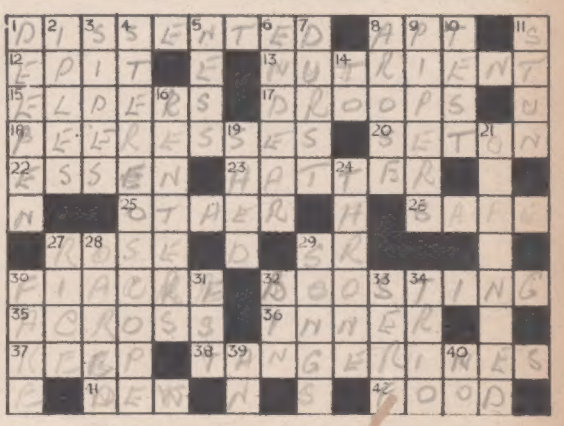
1. To extend up or down.
2. Slides into lazy doings.
3. Two make a corner.
4. A viewing instrument.
5. At Dungeness.
6. Inspire affection.
7. Someone dares to do.
8. Are so got up.
9. They play wind instruments.
10. This is a trial.
11. Tuns in other guise.
14. Only half tone.
16. They pay.
19. Cast off or may be shelter.
21. Umbrage taken.
24. Hornet arises from overthrown seat of the mighty.
27. Ceremonial cereal.
28. Some vessels are so propelled.
29. Words to music.
30. This is not genuine.
31. Is a little short of best.
32. May hold flour or coal.
33. One of our forefathers probably was.
34. Three in a riot.
39. Seek this article in 38.
40. Brief but definite negative.



Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES ACROSS

1. Did tenses not in agreement.
8. Irishman out of order, yet appropriate.
12. Diet obviously wrong.
13. But this is dietetically beneficient.
15. Trees or people.
17. Languishes we may say.
18. Noble dames presumably
20. Onset or a skein of silk.
22. Sense in a German town.
23. Proverbially mad.
25. Not this one.
26. Secure or intended to be.
27. A red one for Lancaster.
29. Starts from Waterloo (Abbreviation).
30. Far ice for vehicle.
32. Banging the big drum perhaps.
35. On the other side it would appear.
36. A London Circle.
37. A castle building.
38. Wrath in these fruits.
41. Moisture.
42. For consumption.



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A10

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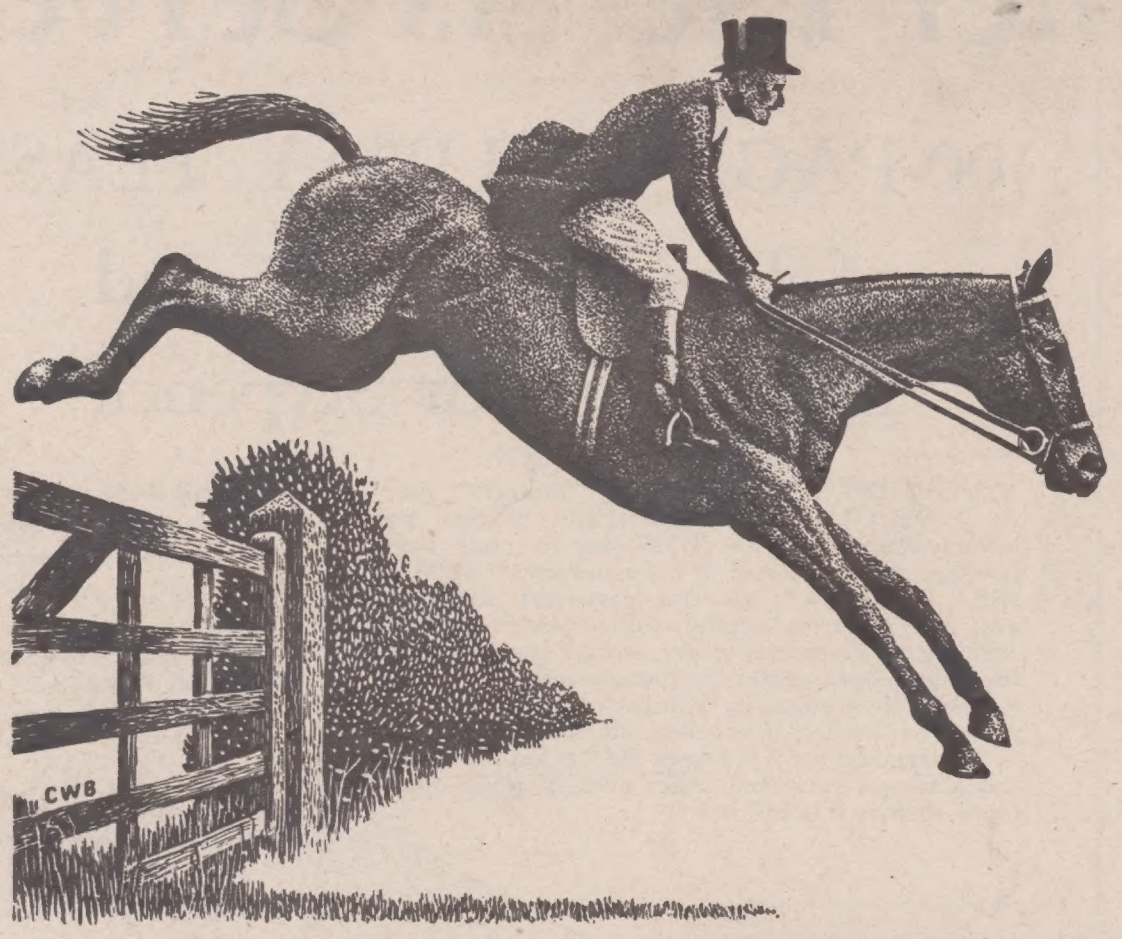

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